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The Nation

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EDITORIAL

CARIBBEAN ENDGAME

President Reagan's slow-motion war in Central America is picking up speed. In a dangerous and unlawful escalation of the aggression, the C.I.A.-backed *contras* mined the waters off Nicaragua and caught a Soviet freighter in the net; five seamen were injured and the ship was severely damaged. An unannounced, hit-or-miss blockade is effectively in place, and the ingredients are at hand for a major superpower confrontation in the Caribbean basin.

What is happening is a creeping missile crisis, and although this one is not yet sending suburbanites into backyard bomb shelters, it could be every bit as threatening as the last one, twenty-two years ago. A grotesque game of geopolitical chess is under way. The players of East and West believe that each must check the other's advances wherever they are made: in Europe, the Middle East or Central America.

The tacit deal that kept the nuclear peace during the last two decades has been cancelled. After the Cuban face-off, the United States and the Soviet Union agreed to restrict their strategic ambitions to their own spheres of influence and to maintain negotiations for détente. Thus, the SALT process could take place in the midst of the Vietnam War, since the United States did not threaten to roll back Communism in North Vietnam. The overarching balance was sometimes shamefully disadvantageous to Third World independence; still, the great peace was kept.

All that has changed. The United States seeks global superiority—not simply parity, much less containment and deterrence. The ideological movement that President Reagan leads is committed to a rollback strategy, to take the other side's pieces off the board wherever possible. It's a slow contest so far, but a reckless one, and every theory of play suggests an endgame of terrible finality.

GARY HART'S MISSING YEAR
Victor Navasky

'PREVAILING'
I.F. Stone

JACKSON AND THE LEFT
Paul Berman
Philip Green

OPEN ADMISSIONS
Ed Quinn
Leonard Kriegel

POETS IN MIDPASSAGE
Elizabeth Frank

D.W. GRIFFITH
Sam Kaplan

THE TENSE PENINSULA

KOREA—THE NEW NUCLEAR FLASH POINT

BRUCE CUMINGS

On September 1, 1983, a Soviet Su-15 shot down a Korean Air Lines 747, causing a U.S.-Soviet diplomatic confrontation which occupied the world's attention for a few weeks, only to fade as Beirut heated up. On October 9, terrorists in Rangoon, Burma, exploded a bomb during preparations for a wreath-laying ceremony, killing four members of the South Korean Cabinet and barely missing President Chun Doo Hwan. In the immediate aftermath U.S., South Korean and North Korean troops went on alert. Diplomats reported that tension had been building to a high pitch for months, and Rangoon ratcheted it up to the level of extreme danger. A flash point that could detonate a nuclear attack had been reached in Korea, and not for the first time. Yet Rangoon was quickly forgotten. The K.A.L. and Rangoon incidents spotlighted the long-simmering tensions in Korea and the fact that no one seems to pay attention to them.

Since February, 207,000 U.S. and South Korean troops have been participating in Team Spirit '84, the largest peacetime military exercise held in Korea since 1945. A similar exercise in 1976 involved only 46,000 troops. Army, Marine, Navy and Air Force units based in the United States, Okinawa, Guam and Japan were flown in for the annual maneuvers, which have drawn Japanese participation (no troops) in recent years. The exercise dwarfs the Big Pine war games in Honduras, which have received far more attention in the press, and is on a larger scale than the Red Army maneuvers in and around Poland in 1981, which were designed to intimidate Solidarity. Since the instability and

(*Continued on Page 414*)

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LETTERS.

THE REALITY OF JACKSON

New York City

In "The Reality Beneath the Rainbow" [*The Nation*, March 17], Philip Green writes, "It is impossible to forgive Nathan Perlmutter and Hyman Bookbinder, who have the chutzpah to tell us what Jackson's positions and statements mean to 'the Jews,' when thousands of us Jews consider those positions and statements not only sensible but vitally in our interests."

We have told of Jesse Jackson's silence in the presence of Moslem minister Louis Farrakhan's threats against Jews; we have expressed concern about Jesse Jackson's allegations of Jewish control of the media; we have commented on Jesse Jackson's charges of Jewish domination of labor unions; we have voiced our concern that in criticizing Richard Nixon, Jesse Jackson attributed his failings to his Jewish advisers (Ehrlichman and Haldeman!). That is a sample of the public statements made by Jesse Jackson concerning Jews.

Whose is the "chutzpah"? Ours for drawing to the attention of concerned citizens Jackson's views on Jews, or Green's for writing that those statements are "not only sensible but vitally in our interests"?

Nathan Perlmutter, National Director
Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith

THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF JACKSON

Amherst, Mass.

While I share Philip Green's enthusiasm for Jesse Jackson's Rainbow Coalition, I am not sympathetic to his apologetics for Jackson. Green believes Jackson is not an anti-Semite because "anti-Semites intend derogation and do not apologize for it." But racism has more to do with the effect on the victim than the intent (or the after-the-fact reaction) of the perpetrator. Jackson has had enough time to consider the subject, given the flap over his meeting with Yasir Arafat. Referring to Jews as "Hymies" in front of a reporter is not merely thoughtless, it is grossly insensitive.

I could not agree more with Green's contempt for Jewish "leaders" who pretend to speak for all of us. But he goes too far in saying that "they have become our own worst enemy." I only wish that we had so little to fear. Furthermore, Green's assertion that Jewish leaders stereotype "with malice aforethought," while Jackson "does it out of naïveté and habit," is not only impossible to know; it is an indirect expression of contempt for Jackson's ability to formulate and take responsibility for his own ideas.

It is true that in supporting Jackson, Jews are not being asked to do anything different from what blacks have had to do in choosing between traditional candidates. The problem is that Jackson is not supposed to be a traditional candidate. We expect more from someone who explicitly seeks a progressive mandate and whose primary issue is racism. Our disappointment with Jackson is real, and it would be condescending and racist to excuse it away.

Steven Shulman

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW

Westfield, Mass.

It is significant that the articles appearing in *The Nation* supporting Jesse Jackson focus on what he purports to represent rather than what he is. Andrew Kopkind, for example, writes a silly and trivial piece focusing on cultural politics ["Black Power in the Age of Jackson," Nov. 26, 1983], and Philip Green indulges in wishful thinking about rainbow coalitions that don't exist.

Jesse Jackson is a cynical man who knows what certain people want to hear. Ideologically he is a black separatist, but he makes integrationist noises when it suits him. His "Hymie" remarks weren't naïve, as Green says; they were aimed at a black reporter whom he was trying to impress by "talking black." This is absolutely consistent with his manipulative political style. Jackson has led no real movements, only those invented by the media and by a few white leftists. Jackson, not McGovern, is the candidate of nostalgia—the New Left dream of a progressive black candidate with appeal to liberal whites, a dream which died with Martin Luther King Jr.

Jackson is quite simply a highly talented con artist. I suspect that many blacks, driven to desperation by Reagan, know this but back Jackson's candidacy in the futile hope of advancing their own interests. White progressives are much dumber—they romanticize him and invent social movements to rationalize his pretensions. Need I say that none of this would have applied to King? History first as tragedy, then as farce.

We had better face facts. The 1984 campaign is over as far as the left is concerned. Jackson is a sign of its political bankruptcy, just as Reagan, Mondale and Hart represent the dead end of the political process as a whole.

Michael Engel

WHITE CONSTRAINTS

Ann Arbor, Mich.

My compliments to *The Nation* for "The Jackson Brothers" [editorial, March 10] and Philip Green's "The Reality Beneath the Rainbow." The former points out the contradiction of equality in the United States as prescribed by white liberals and conservatives. Michael Jackson has attained half of what America labels success—wealth. The other, whiteness, he can never attain. But as so many black entertainers have done, he conforms to the distorted image of the stereotype he is made to represent. For black entertainers, equality is signified by the companionship of white females. White America condescendingly turns up its nose or plays its role as supporter of the black man's misconceived idea of integration, since that poses no threat to white political or economic hegemony. . . .

As for Jesse Jackson, he must be commended for at least attempting to confront the issues of the 1980s and beyond. His downfall results from the ambivalence of the black community, the betrayal of other elements of the coalition and the racism and undeveloped class consciousness of white Middle America. Perhaps the greatest delimiting factor of all is Jackson's attempt to correct the social injustices endemic to capitalism within a capitalist framework. The sad fact is that if Ronald Reagan wins in November, everyone will suffer the consequences. White America has extended the infamous cliché "Would you let your daughter marry one of them?" to include "or let one run this country."

Marshall F. Stevenson Jr.

Space constraints prevent us from printing more than the above selection from the large volume of mail received in response to Green's article. Readers are directed to the discussion on the issue between Paul Berman and Green, which begins on page 407.

—The Editors

EVENING THE SCORE

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Love for all people can work wonders. Strangely enough, it took a movie review to highlight that very quality. I refer to Katha Pollitt's accurate assessment of Woody Allen's film *Broadway Danny Rose* ["Films," *The Nation*, March 17]. True enough, the film is a show biz fairy tale done well. But it is a phrase in Pollitt's final paragraph that sums up the most far-reaching motif of the film: "Jews 10, Italians 0."

Why would Woody Allen or any artist or anyone, for that matter, continue on that rampage of ignorance concerning the ethnic qualities of people? To what end does it serve? Not love, that's for sure. Pandering to the most misused and misunderstood word (Mafia) in the English language, yes. I cannot believe that a true artist would do that.

I have read several accounts of the film. Pollitt's is very good, true and, best of all, serves the purposes of a fine review.

Carl Zingale

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space. Our policy is to publish as many letters as space permits, but inevitably a backlog develops, so please bear with us.

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EDITORIALS.

Rape: A TV Replay

The recent trial of six men for the aggravated rape of a woman on a barroom pool table in New Bedford, Massachusetts, was typical of the genre. The defense attorneys accused the woman of flirting with the rapists (as if that were the same as agreeing to have sex), said she had made up the story to get a lucrative book contract and, in spite of the Massachusetts Rape Shield Law, questioned her about her sexual relations with her boyfriend. They used every available trick to discredit her testimony and succeeded in destroying her privacy. She has been forced to uproot her life and move to another state.

The cable telecast of the trial, during which the woman's face was kept tantalizingly off camera but her name was repeatedly broadcast, made her humiliation a national spectacle. Massachusetts guidelines attempt to protect defendants by requiring the judge's consent before a trial may be televised. In this case, the woman herself was effectively in the dock, and her privacy should have been respected. The New Bedford Women's Center reports that since the trial began, many women who have been raped have refused to press charges or even seek counseling, for fear that they

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will be subjected to the same punishing publicity.

The New Bedford rape made particularly good television because it was a spectator event to begin with. The horrible fact that the assault was cheered on by other men has the logic of a nightmare: in a sense, all rapes are encouraged by a culture that treats women as sex objects and applauds male aggression. The telecast of the trial was as popular as the soaps. For some, the entertainments were interchangeable: as one addict of *All My Children* put it in an interview with *The Boston Globe*, "We don't get cable here, but that's O.K. because this show has a rape victim too. Rape must be 'in' this year."

Apart from sensationalizing the barroom scene, the media has focused almost entirely on the grievances of the New Bedford Portuguese, who feel victimized by the prosecution of members of their community and the attendant publicity. The pundits have managed to parade their sensitivity to ethnic issues while feeding the racist myth that rape is an unusual crime committed by minorities or social outcasts. Demonstrators in New Bedford have played into their hands by viewing the case as an immigrants' issue instead of a male-female one and by closing ranks not around the woman, herself Portuguese, but around the convicted men. Those who argue that the publicity surrounding this incident will raise the national consciousness about rape underestimate the media's capacity for exploitation.

Hart's Lost Year

So much has been written about whether Gary Hart is 46 or 47 that by the time the dispute is settled, he will probably be 48.

Like the argument over his name, it's just a bit of campaign trivia unless it constitutes part of a pattern in which all aspects of the candidate's past that belie his image as a man of the future are downplayed.

I like Gary Hart, never more than when Walter Mondale denounces him in cold-warese for his notion that poverty and hunger rather than communism are at the root of the Third World's problems. So I have a minor twinge of regret about revealing the true story about Hart's "missing year"—actually it was ten months—with the U.S. Department of Justice, from June 1964 to April 1965.

I first met Gary Hart in 1972 when he was managing George McGovern's long-shot campaign for the Presidency. I was flattered (what author wouldn't be?) when he told me how much he liked my book on Robert Kennedy's Attorney Generalship, *Kennedy Justice*, published the previous year. "I'll bet you didn't know I was part of the Kennedy Justice Department," he said with a mischievous smile.

I certainly didn't. "Which part?" I asked. "I was in the internal security division," he said, "but it was only at the tail end." At the time, I didn't pay much attention. The glamour at Kennedy Justice had been in the civil rights and organized crime divisions. For those interested in a future lucrative legal practice, the tax and antitrust divisions were the places to be. Internal security was the dregs. It was so déclassé it was in another building. An embarrassing residue of the McCarthy years, it monitored so-called Communist-front organizations such as Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, reviewed orders by the Subversive Activities Control Board designating groups as "Communist infiltrated," and the like.

Twelve years later, after the Iowa caucuses and the New Hampshire primary, when Gary Hart began to look like a winner, I looked more closely at his year at Justice. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that it was scarcely mentioned in his biographies. A thumbnail sketch in the March 17 *National Journal* titled "Out of the Past" said nothing of his time spent at Justice. *Current Biography* reports that Hart was "an appellate attorney in the United States Department of Justice. Two years later he signed on as a special assistant to Stewart L. Udall." Nothing about the appellate section of the internal security division. In a March 12 profile, *Time* reported only that "a taste of Washington came next, first at the Justice Department and later at Interior." *Newsweek*, to its credit, mentioned his service "in both the Justice Department's internal-security division and the Department of the Interior." Hart's *Who's Who in Government* biography notes that he "began career as atty. U.S. Justice Dept., Washington." And Sidney Blumenthal, generally considered the first journalist to spot the Hart boomlet, in the January 23 issue of *The New Republic*, wrote, "After John Kennedy's assassination, Hart went from law school to Washington to serve as a junior civil rights lawyer in Robert Kennedy's Justice Department."

A *Nation* researcher was told by a Hart campaign representative that the Senator had served with the appeals section and "probably had something to do with civil rights, since that's what he was interested in." A second call to Hart's Washington office elicited the response that his work "had something to do with national security." The biographical literature they sent me contains nothing about the internal security division.

So I called Kevin T. Maroney, who was head of the appeals section of the internal security division in 1964-65, to ask just what Gary Hart had been up to during his ten months at Justice. All Maroney, now retired, could remember, aside from young Hart's "enthusiasm" and ability, was his work on the case of *U.S. v. Heaton*, which involved the unlawful importation of Chinese art objects into the United States in violation of the Trading With the Enemy Act.

Nothing terribly embarrassing here, but the case of the missing year is far from solved. Why *did* Gary Hart choose to spend all those months, at a time that was so important in the struggle for civil rights, mopping up the witch hunt? What other cases did he handle? Did he choose the job or did he simply take what was given to him? It's not necessarily a bad sign that the candidate would rather forget his year protecting us from the Red menace, but how he feels about that year now is another question to which those whom he asks for support deserve an answer.

VICTOR NAVASKY

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IZZY SAYS . . .

Cap & 'Prevailing'

Washington

A new section appears in this year's "defense posture" report by Caspar Weinberger. It begins on page 37 and has the beguiling title "Restoring the Peace." The first three sentences suggest a dramatic reversal of policy:

> This Administration has stood firmly by deterrence and a defensive orientation as the first two principles of defense policy precisely because we do not seek to achieve our national objectives by the use of force. The use of military force has become particularly dangerous in the nuclear age. As President Reagan has said on many occasions, including last September at the United Nations, "Nuclear war cannot be won, and must never be fought."

After quoting the President's supposed reassurance, Weinberger adds a "but" that blots it out: "But credible deterrence, either nuclear or conventional, requires that we have the ability, in case deterrence fails, to halt any attack and restore the peace on terms favorable to us and our allies." So despite the apparent change of policy signaled by Reagan's remark to the United Nations—and repeated in his State of the Union Message—we are back to the policy implicit from the beginning of his military buildup: the idea that nuclear war can be fought and won. We are back to "prevailing."

Weinberger talks as if a nuclear war can be fine tuned. He expresses his intention to "limit" the scope, the duration and the intensity of any nuclear or conventional war. But in order to limit them, he recommends preparations for expanding them until the enemy surrenders on our terms.

Weinberger's proposals for eternal peace are as unsettling as his plans for limited war, though more disarmingly presented. "Since there can be no winners in a nuclear war," he notes, "we have no alternative to ensuring the absolute certainty of nuclear deterrence . . . and [proceeding with] the president's strategic defense initiative."

"Absolute deterrence" refers to an invulnerable second-strike capacity, and the "president's strategic defense initiative" refers to the Reagan Star Wars speech of March 23, 1983, which called for an impregnable defense against ballistic missiles to render them, in Reagan's words, "impotent and obsolete." So eternal peace is to rest on the delusion of a perfect weapon—rather, two of them.

As for Star Wars, a distinguished nine-man commission sponsored by the Union of Concerned Scientists recently released its 106-page final report which declared it "mission impossible." The first independent critical analysis of "space-based missile defense," it concludes that such a system is technologically unattainable; that even if it could be built, the cost in dollars and energy would be staggering; and that even if all that heavenly hardware were 95 percent effective, enough Soviet warheads could get through to "kill tens of millions of people."

Nevertheless, the Administration has decided to jump the gun before the issue can be fully debated. The status of the Star Wars program has been raised with the appointment last week of a NASA executive, Lieut. Gen. James A. Abrahamson, as its director, with powers to coordinate it and speed it up. He will report directly to Weinberger, giving the ABM project bureaucratic autonomy and priority.

It was revealing that at the press conference announcing Abrahamson's appointment, Weinberger would not allow reporters to put any questions to the appointee. The first question might have been whether the general agreed with the Secretary that an absolute antiballistic defense was possible, or with the less optimistic views expressed by two of Weinberger's highest-level civilian aides at a little-noticed hearing last November 10 of the House Armed Services' Subcommittee on Research and Development.

At that time Richard D. DeLauer, Under Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering, warned that the Star Wars scenario involved a half-dozen unsolved basic problems, each as formidable and expensive as the entire Manhattan or Apollo project, and that the ultimate costs would be "staggering." A leading hawk, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Policy Richard Perle, was also pessimistic. He testified that there would always be "uncertainties" about "the ultimate effectiveness and vulnerability of any defensive system."

The views of DeLauer and Perle seem closer to those of the Union of Concerned Scientists report than to those of Reagan and Weinberger. The threat of this project to fiscal sanity and nuclear stability is immense. It should become a major issue in the Presidential campaign. I.F. STONE

I.F. Stone is a former Washington editor of The Nation.

The Nixon Version

Recently, CBS agreed to shell out a reported $500,000 for ninety minutes of taped interviews with Richard M. Nixon. The interviewer is Frank Gannon, a former Nixon aide and speechwriter, who devoted four years to helping the former President write his autobiography. Gannon's credentials hardly qualify him as another David Frost or, indeed, as a responsible journalist. Yet CBS is willing to pay a half-million dollars for the product of this cozy setup. Cassettes of the talk are to be sold all over the world, netting Nixon an additional $1 million, according to press estimates.

CBS has apparently forgotten that the former President barely escaped indictment for his part in the crimes of Watergate. Only the decision by Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski not to press charges, contrary to the virtually unanimous advice of lawyers on his Watergate Special Prosecution Force, prevented Nixon from being indicted. At the time, George Frampton, who had been part of Jaworski's team throughout the Watergate investigation, wrote a prophetic memorandum to the special prosecutor:

(*Continued on Page 420*)

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

When Laurence Barrett discovered the theft of Carter's official papers by the Reagan campaign committee in 1980, his employers at *Time* didn't think the story worth printing. Only when he included it in his book *Gambling With History* did anybody take any notice. Barrett's book bears rereading today, at a time when skepticism about Edwin Meese 3d's fitness for high office remains polite and when even intelligent people doubt the President's complicity in this latest evidence of white-collar crime.

It was Meese, Barrett reminds us, who took the lead in exonerating two lawbreakers from a previous epoch, Mark Felt and Edward Miller:

> Felt and Miller were the two highest-ranking F.B.I. officials brought up on criminal charges in connection with illegal break-ins by Bureau agents during the bad old days of 1972-73. . . . Eventually they were convicted in a U.S. District Court trial the same month Reagan was elected. . . . Reagan naturally turned to Meese, whose first job in Sacramento included reviewing executive clemency petitions for the governor. Even before the inauguration Meese began to gather material on the subject.

As Reagan remarked after granting full and unconditional pardons to Felt and Miller on Meese's advice:

> The record demonstrates that they acted not with criminal intent but in the belief that they had grants of authority reaching to the highest levels of government.

The clear implication of this prepared statement was that authority can provide a warrant to break the law, as in the Watergate case. Larry Speakes was later asked if the President had meant that, or if he had meant to challenge the verdict of the court (which had understandably ruled that no such warrant existed). He replied:

> Well, he didn't make a statement along those lines but he clearly felt . . . that the decision of the jury, the decision of the court, was not correct.

Thus, at the inception of the Reagan Administration it was announced, and reiterated, that certain kinds of crime were not illegal or punishable. The recent travails of Meese can be seen, then, as part of an oblique realization that there are some things that even the rich and the powerful may not lawfully do.

The Reaganites are naturally strong on law and order—Meese conspicuously so—but when it comes to themselves, they regard the law as a rough guide. Unfortunately, most commentators persist in characterizing the Meese affair as a conflict of interest, or a matter of preferment and messy bookkeeping, rather than as a serious affront to the law. Some have even praised Meese for anticipating the inevitable and asking for a special prosecutor.

In fact, Meese is only treading water with this new gambit. By accepting his request, the Justice Department has placed itself in a double or triple bind. The request specifies that "all allegations" about Meese's dealings be scrutinized and that all questions raised by the Senate Judiciary Committee be answered or at least addressed. One of those questions concerns Meese's role in "filching" state and Presidential papers in 1980. Yet the Justice Department has been in court for months arguing that there is no need for a "Debategate" special prosecutor. It conducted its own inquiry and concluded, with preposterous illogic, that there is no evidence of wrongdoing. Now it is being compelled to take the whole business more seriously in order to try to save Ed Meese's fat face. There could hardly be a better example of Reagan's effect on standards in public life.

Here is how things are shaping up. Already Attorney General William French Smith has solemnly and hypocritically filed a request with the special panel of the U.S. Court of Appeals for an "independent counsel" in re Meese. The panel will soon announce the name of the counsel and issue a written order detailing the scope of his or her mandate. The mandate must include Meese's part in the briefing book conspiracy.

In parallel with this, Professors John Banzhaf and Peter Meyers of George Washington University Law School (who were the first to move for a special prosecutor in the Watergate case) have returned to U.S. District Court and have filed a motion for summary judgment with Judge Harold Greene [see "Minority Report," March 24]. The motion requests that a special prosecutor investigate the briefing papers affair as it touches other members of the Administration, including Casey, Baker, Stockman and the President. It is difficult, if not impossible, to see how the Justice Department could refuse Judge Greene what it has granted Meese. It has ten days to respond.

The Democrats have been feeble beyond words about this scandal, which will intensify when Representative Donald Albosta's report is published this month—or rather, as soon as the many Reagan aides who have not returned their affidavits get around to doing so. His report will provide evidence of an organized penetration of the Carter election team. It will also show that some of the confidential matter was addressed directly to Reagan. Finally, it will show that Meese altered his affidavit three times. Meese has deleted the statement that he did not know the materials had been purloined "until June 1983." He now says he does not "recall" seeing a certain Carter memorandum in 1980, though he once admitted to having seen it. And his statement that Reagan never indicated knowledge of the theft to him has been stricken from the draft as well.

Where is Tip O'Neill's comment on all this? He dismissed the scandal when it broke (not the least of his favors to the President) and owes us an explanation if not an apology. What does Mondale think? He has merely deplored "the sleaze factor," a phrase lifted directly from Barrett's book. Where is Hart on the issue? Nowhere as yet. Or Jackson? "Grants of authority reaching to the highest levels of government" have been abused, and all anybody talks about is Meese's—and, perhaps soon, Michael Deaver's—loans. That is like collaring Capone for tax evasion.

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ARTICLES.

JACKSON AND THE LEFT

The Other Side Of the Rainbow

PAUL BERMAN

What does the Anti-Defamation League's fact sheet on Jesse Jackson—the report Jackson cited as part of the "hounding" he's been subjected to by Jewish groups—actually say? It lists some of Jackson's remarks on Jews and Jewish issues. It mentions some of his actions, some of his funding, some of his alliances. A good many items in the report are unexceptionable. They merely prove that Jackson and the A.D.L. don't see eye to eye.

Other items show only that Jackson's instinct for publicity and impetuousness sometimes gets him in trouble. During a visit to the West Bank in 1979, he whipped up a crowd of Palestinians with cries of "We can win! We ought to win! We must win!" and then was borne aloft on the crowd's shoulders to the chant of "Jackson! Arafat!" That was not a judicious way to assure Israel's friends that Jackson favors Palestinian nonviolence and supports Israel's right to exist. Nor was it shrewd of him to horrify Jewish members of the delegation accompanying him on that trip by remarking that he was "sick and tired of hearing about the Holocaust." The couple times he said that Jews are a bigger obstacle to blacks than is the Ku Klux Klan showed a knack for inflating political rivalry into grave antagonism.

Some of his other remarks over the years have been slightly more irksome. He has said that Israel was founded "illegitimately" and that Zionism is a "philosophy based on race." That unfortunately suggests the Zionism-is-racism formula of the United Nations, a formula which manages to throw everyone favoring a Jewish state—left-winger and right-winger, racist and antiracist alike—into a single pot, while denying to the Jews almost alone of all peoples in the world the right to a nationalism of their own. "Zionism," Jackson has said, "is a kind of poisonous weed that is choking Judaism." Such remarks make him sound like those "supporters" of civil rights who also wave the flag for states' rights.

He has resurrected canards about Jewish control of power centers. "With all the talk of the black-Jewish alliance," he said on *60 Minutes* some years ago, "we don't own radio stations together, we don't own TV stations together, we don't own banks together." That made many people feel that Jackson was saying the Jews control the media and the banks. He does seem to think his problems with the press are due to Jewish influence, and has singled out Jewish reporters as giving him the most trouble. He identified David Shipler of *The New York Times* as one of them; but Shipler isn't Jewish.

He has also singled out Jews for blame in the worlds of boxing and trade unionism. In a September 1, 1979, syndicated column he wrote:

> The scheduled heavyweight fight between John Tate, a black American, and Gerrie Coetzee, a white South African champion . . . represents humiliation to blacks and concerned whites around the world. It is sponsored by two Jews, Bob Arum in this country and Saul Kerznik of South Africa.
>
> There are tensions in the labor movement, where blacks constitute large percentages of the workers at the bottom, but Jews dominate the leadership at the top.

Mentioning that the promoters happened to be Jewish seems a little strange, and Jews in fact don't dominate the leadership of the labor movement. On another occasion he blamed Nixon's insensitivity to the poor on the fact that "four out of five" of the President's top advisers were "German Jews," which also wasn't true.

Leaving aside the question of his finances, that's pretty much the worst from the A.D.L. fact sheet. The report was compiled six months ago, however, and hardly prepared us to learn that Jackson is the sort of man who uses words like "Hymie." The subsequent incidents—the weaseling out of the "Hymie" charges; the belated apology, which many people (Murray Kempton and Jack Newfield, for instance) found begrudging; the claim that the word isn't pejorative; the complaint of a former colleague in Chicago who told Lally Weymouth of *New York* (and confirmed to me) that Jackson used to call him "the little Jew"; the remark suggesting European Jews put up a weak fight against Nazism and maybe didn't have to die (though that time he apologized quickly and firmly); the odd talk about "an attorney named Cohen" who browbeat Jackson's daughter three years ago, which he cited as evidence that Jews pick on him—all those things were none too encouraging. Then he hit bottom with his dark references to a "conspiracy" against him between B'nai B'rith and the Jewish Defense League. The J.D.L. is indeed dangerous and has indeed harassed Jackson. But really! The J.D.L. belongs to the world of the Croatian Liberation Front and Omega 7 and the other fearless cells whose members should be carefully watched. The idea that B'nai B'rith is collaborating with such a group to hound him—that is a tad much, coming from a Presidential candidate.

Then there was his entourage on the mission to Syria in January. The Rev. Wyatt Walker said the captured U.S. pilot, Lieut. Robert Goodman, who is black, wouldn't have been ignored by the U.S. government if he were "white or Jewish." Odd. Another member of the group, Minister Louis Farrakhan of the Nation of Islam, once introduced Jackson to a Chicago rally by declaiming: "I say to the Jewish people who may not like our brother, when you attack him you attack the millions who are lining up with him.

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You are attacking all of us. If you harm this brother, I warn you in the name of Allah, this will be the last one you do harm." Jackson's refusal to repudiate that bit of racial hysteria dug the hole a little deeper.

We must ask, then, and ask with more seriousness than writers in *The Nation* have so far put the question, Is Jackson an anti-Semite? A bigot? Or merely someone with a ferocious habit of sticking his foot in his mouth on the subject of Jews? The answer depends partly on how we choose to define anti-Semitism. In his defense of Jackson in *The Nation* ["The Reality Beneath the Rainbow," March 17] Philip Green seems to define anti-Semitism as an unwillingness to apologize. "Anti-Semites intend derogation and do not apologize for it," he wrote. Presumably, someone could spend his days spitting at Jews and his nights apologizing, and meet with Green's approval. Reasoning in this manner, Green concludes that the genuinely "contemptible" act was the protest by leaders of the Jewish establishment against Jackson's slurs. (A very mild protest, by the way. Mayor Kenneth Gibson of Newark wrote to Nathan Perlmutter of the A.D.L., "I'm not sure I could be as reserved in my response if I were in your position.")

One might give anti-Semitism a slightly broader definition. A garden-variety anti-Semite, as distinguished from more virulent fanatics, is someone who subscribes, even if unconsciously, to the myths associated with Jews; who can't distinguish between individual Jews and the Jewish community, and thus blames the collectivity for the sins of the individual; tends to think Jews are conspiring; is obsessed with them; carries a burden of anger against them; looks for them under the bed; feels scorn and contempt for them; and can't manage to see the Jewish side of questions involving Jews. How do Jackson's statements fare under that broader definition? Not too brilliantly.

What legitimate defenses can be offered in his behalf? H. Carl McCall, the commissioner for human rights in New York State and a leading Jacksonian, has stressed to me that Jackson's good character is his best defense. McCall observes that while Jackson has said some foolish and insensitive things, his sensitivity is improving as the campaign progresses. The point is backed up in an article by Alan Lupo in *The Boston Phoenix*, which shows that Jackson has been looking for a chance to speak out on the oppression of Jews in other countries, as a way of mending fences. Concerning the Rev. Wyatt Walker, McCall says that he, too, on account of his good character, doesn't deserve the opprobrium aroused by his "white or Jewish" remark.

A second defense argues that the meaning of some statements by Jackson or his supporters has been misinterpreted. McCall cites Farrakhan's threat against "the Jewish people" and suggests that Farrakhan was speaking of a particular group of Jews—namely, the J.D.L.—not the Jewish people. Upon rereading his statement, that seems possible, and may take a bit of the edge off a still rather unendearing remark.

A third defense is political, and is more or less explicit in Green's article. Green regards Jackson's campaign as the most promising political event "in a half-century." For that reason, he would hate to see anyone withdraw support simply because of some minor problems lurking in the campaign's shadows. Green sees the possibility for radical reform that Jackson embodies as the forest, Jackson's "naïveté and habit" regarding Jews as only a tree; and he urges *Nation* readers not to confuse the one for the other.

That is a plausible argument. It's certainly true that perfect political leaders, leaders who are 100 percent on every issue, don't exist (Though what's so hard about avoiding anti-Semitism?). In any case we should ask ourselves, What sort of movement *is* Jackson leading?

Jackson sometimes likens his candidacy to the Christian witness-bearing of Martin Luther King Jr. A good many secular radicals tend to think of the campaign as a traditional left-wing movement, the sort of movement King seemed to be developing before he was killed. But I think it's more on the mark to see Jackson's campaign in a different light, as part of the populist tradition in American politics. I mean the populism that originated a century ago, a movement which itself forged a rainbow coalition of the oppressed and which in its early years claimed many black supporters in the South.

Like the traditional populists—from Tom Watson and William Jennings Bryan, through Huey Long and George Wallace in his demagogic days—Jackson authentically expresses the needs and desires of the oppressed (in his case, a class far more downtrodden than the people Wallace championed). Like the others, Jackson makes his protest on the basis of an inspiring but vague Christian-influenced philosophy that has many left-wing aspects but distinctly right-wing elements too. Like many populists, Jackson is running an antilabor campaign. As the head of People United to Serve Humanity he has called for self-reliance, traditional virtues and social conservatism—though he's tempered some of those positions during the campaign. Henry Fairlie shrewdly observed in *The New Republic* that alone of the Democratic candidates, Jackson could conceivably end up a Republican, on the basis of his moral emphases and his distrust of government welfare action. In fact, Jackson did briefly flirt with the idea of endorsing Reagan in 1980. This quirk in his political makeup also puts him in the populist mold.

Populist movements traditionally mingle a body of extreme rightist ideas often side by side with left-wing proposals. In Jackson's case, the extreme right is held down by Louis Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam. That group was characterized by Salim Muwakkil in a recent issue of *In These Times* as being "anti-welfare, anti-abortion, anti-Darwin, pro-nuclear family, anti-homosexual, pro-strict discipline in school, anti-forced integration, pro-entrepreneurship, etc." The Nation of Islam is also anti-feminist and has an aura of military violence, which Farrakhan cultivates by threatening armed rebellions, as he did in an article in the February issue of *Essence*. And the group is profoundly racist—that is, it emphasizes a doctrine of black supremacy and regards whites as devils. A strain of anti-

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Semitism also runs through the Nation of Islam (though not as prominently as might be imagined). When Farrakhan was leader of the Nation of Islam in New York City in the early 1970s, its mosque in Harlem was one of the only places in the city where you could buy copies of the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion.*

Politicians don't choose their followers, of course, and can't be held responsible for every float in the parade. But Jackson has indeed chosen to make the Nation of Islam an important part of his campaign. He has drawn his bodyguards from the Fruit of Islam, Farrakhan's security force, and has appointed Farrakhan to stand for him at speaking engagements.

The whiff of anti-Semitism from Jackson himself fits the populist tradition. The populist suspicion of Eastern bankers, the hostility to international cartels, the habit of imputing conspiracies to businessmen, have always harmonized with the hoary anti-Semitic doctrine that Jews are dangerous, powerful conspirators. Jackson is certainly worlds removed from the worst old populists on that issue; anti-Semitism is only a small part of his campaign. If it never grew any bigger than what we've seen lately, it would pose no great threat to Jews. But Jackson does seem to be in the tradition.

The candidate's political personality also fits the mold. The old-time populist leaders were capable of dizzying political switches. Watson was antiracist, then racist; Bryan stood on the left, then on the right. Wallace started out as a racial moderate (within the immoderate climate of the time), became an extreme segregationist and is again a racial conciliationist. What explains those switches? Flimsy philosophy, in part. But there's also no getting around the fact that a certain amount of hokum and opportunism has always characterized populist leaders, who are willing to do anything to win. Here again, Jackson stands closer to populism than to the King tradition, as his flip-flop on abortion demonstrates. It is even more apparent in his relations with Jews and Arabs.

Until the mid-1970s, Jackson maintained good relations with the pro-civil rights Jewish establishment organizations. Then those groups began cutting back on the support they gave to organizations such as Jackson's. It was in 1979 that Jackson came out publicly for the Palestine Liberation Organization, and he immediately began raising money among Arab and Arab-American organizations, telling them, according to Roger Simon in the Chicago *Sun-Times*, "If you don't support me, I won't support you." He told Arab-American businessmen that if they didn't fund his organization, he would stop backing the P.L.O. Sure enough, Jackson raised substantial sums from Arab-Americans, and subsequently from foreign Arab sources. The government of Libya sent him money, and as we now know, Jackson's organizations received $200,000 from the Arab League.

Jackson's claim not to have known about the $200,000 is singularly unconvincing, but in one respect it does put him

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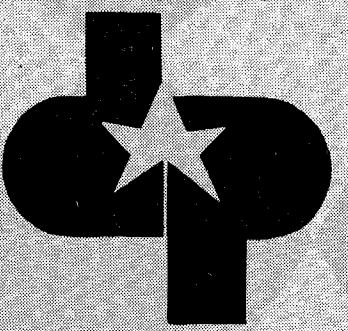

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in a better light. From his dealings with the Arab League and his history of political switchovers, one can derive yet another possible defense against the charge of anti-Semitism: his positions on Jews and Jewish issues appear to vary with the source of his funding. Who's to say they won't vary again? But that only reminds us that Jackson is no Martin Luther King Jr. or Eugene V. Debs.

How to judge him, then? Let us begin by remembering that elections are thrilling events in which people lose all sense of proportion. Things get exaggerated. The complaints against Jackson have been exaggerated in certain quarters. But so has his political importance. The drive for black voter registration is obviously significant, and certainly Jackson has done his bit. But the success of his movement is by no means clear on a national scale, and when the movement has done well locally, Jackson can't always take the credit. The leader in Chicago is plainly Harold Washington. In Philadelphia it's Wilson Goode, who did everything he could to keep Jackson out of the city during the 1983 mayoral race there. In the South, according to David Moberg's reports in *In These Times*, local issues and candidates have provided much of the drawing power for black voters.

It shouldn't be forgotten that Jackson has also done some damage to the prospects for progressive interracial politics. Sol Stern and Jack Newfield have reported in *The Village Voice* that the *real* rainbow coalition, the one which actually elects black politicians to office, is the traditional alliance of blacks and liberal Jews. Jews generally vote for black candidates at twice the rate of the rest of the white population. But no one since teachers union president Albert Shanker in the 1968 New York City teachers' strike has done more to disrupt that coalition than Jesse Jackson. In the excitement surrounding the election, there's a tendency to overlook the harm he has done. Certain Jackson aides and supporters, including Mayor Marion Barry of Washington, have even said that Jackson's Jewish problem isn't too significant, since they don't expect many Jews to vote for him anyway—and no wonder, given the candidate.

But this is 1984. What about 1985? In 1985 Jackson's legacy on the Jewish question may seem especially significant. A nonsymbolic, potentially victorious black candidate, Basil Paterson, will likely run for mayor of New York City. He will succeed only if he puts together the usual progressive coalition, which includes a large chunk of the Jewish vote. Has Jackson made this task easier or harder? The same question can be asked about many contests around the country.

Philip Green writes, rather in the spirit of election-year frenzy, that if white liberals don't support Jackson, "the possibility of a viable rainbow coalition will be foreclosed for at least another generation." The assumption is that Jackson's campaign is a marvelous thing. But what if it's a problematic thing? The granule of insight in Green's hyperbolic warning may turn out to be true only in reverse. The more support Jackson receives, the stronger he emerges from the election, the more difficulties and nastiness there may be for progressive politics in the future. □

Reply

PHILIP GREEN

"What sort of movement *is* Jackson leading?" Paul Berman asks. Not a "traditional left-wing movement," he decides, but a kind of populist and potentially right-wing movement of the oppressed.

I find his distinction baffling, unless by "traditional left-wing movement" Berman means the kind of sectarian socialist parties that have never got anywhere in American politics. If so, I'm glad Jackson isn't leading one of those. In any event, the answer to Berman's question is, It's up to us. "Us" includes readers of *The Nation*, progressives and leftists generally, and Jews. I imagine those categories overlap, as in my case.

The Rainbow Coalition is declining into a movement for blacks only. Some of the responsibility for that decline rests with Jackson, for reasons Berman cites. Still, Berman explains away so many of his charges that one is compelled to wonder why he made them in the first place. Many of his other charges are without substance. Thus, as an anti-Zionist Jew who has always insisted that Israelis have as much right to live in peace as anyone else, and that recognition of that right is a condition to a Middle East settlement, I find my position represented in all of Jackson's speeches. And as a Jew who is irritated by, if not "sick and tired of," the use of the Holocaust to justify all sorts of unpleasant behavior and attitudes on the part of some Jews, I find Jackson's remarks about that subject incautious, at worst.

At any rate, much of the responsibility for the decline of the Rainbow Coalition rests with whites, and some of that with Jews. The American Jewish community is aflame with racism, and not just toward blacks and Hispanics. I have often heard sickeningly racist remarks about Arabs from Jewish friends and acquaintances. In every issue of *Commentary*, for example, the American Jewish Committee says that its purpose is to "fight bigotry"; but its own publication is firmly in the camp of bigotry, and like all major Jewish organizations, it seems to have given up the fight a long time ago. The Mayor of New York makes atavistic appeals to racism that rival George Wallace's at his worst, and make today's Wallace look like a flaming liberal. I know Berman criticizes that kind of behavior, but what does Jesse Jackson know of Paul Berman? Where is an unequivocal voice for racial decency among organized Jewry?

Nor is Jesse Jackson the issue. Berman worries that Jackson might be making it more difficult for black politicians at the local level to form the "usual progressive coalition" in which years of black-Jewish hostility are somehow overcome. But when Mel King, everyone's favorite practitioner of that kind of rainbow politics, lost in his race to be mayor of Boston, the source of his most serious

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campaign difficulty was his allegedly insensitive remarks about . . . Jews.

Of course the Rainbow Coalition must begin with local mobilization and organization. No Presidential campaign can ever do that work, even if the money is available (which it isn't in Jackson's case). But there will be no intergroup idylls at the local level either. The fact is that both blacks and Jews find it harder and harder to think of Jews as among "the oppressed peoples," or even as among black sympathizers. Jews must be prepared to negotiate their position in the Rainbow Coalition rather than play the role of the righteous suitor inexplicably spurned.

As for the Presidential race, we must consider it apart from Jesse Jackson as a person. I think Berman and I, who share a similar world view, would hate to know how our favorite white Presidential candidates in this century viewed women or homosexuals or blacks . . . or Jews. Conversely, I'd love to be able to compare Jesse Jackson's "Arab money"—though I'll get no help from the media—with the amounts every candidate (not excluding George McGovern) has received over the years from corporations with heavy stakes in the Middle East or in South Africa, or from fronts for organized crime.

That's the way of politics. Nor is it crucial what candidates *really* believe (How can anyone so insanely ambitious as to want to be President really believe anything?), or what appeals they made along the way to get where they are (Is Bobby Kennedy to be expelled from the liberal pantheon for his youthful McCarthyism?) or how opportunistic they have been. They've all been completely opportunistic, unless they're dedicated to losing.

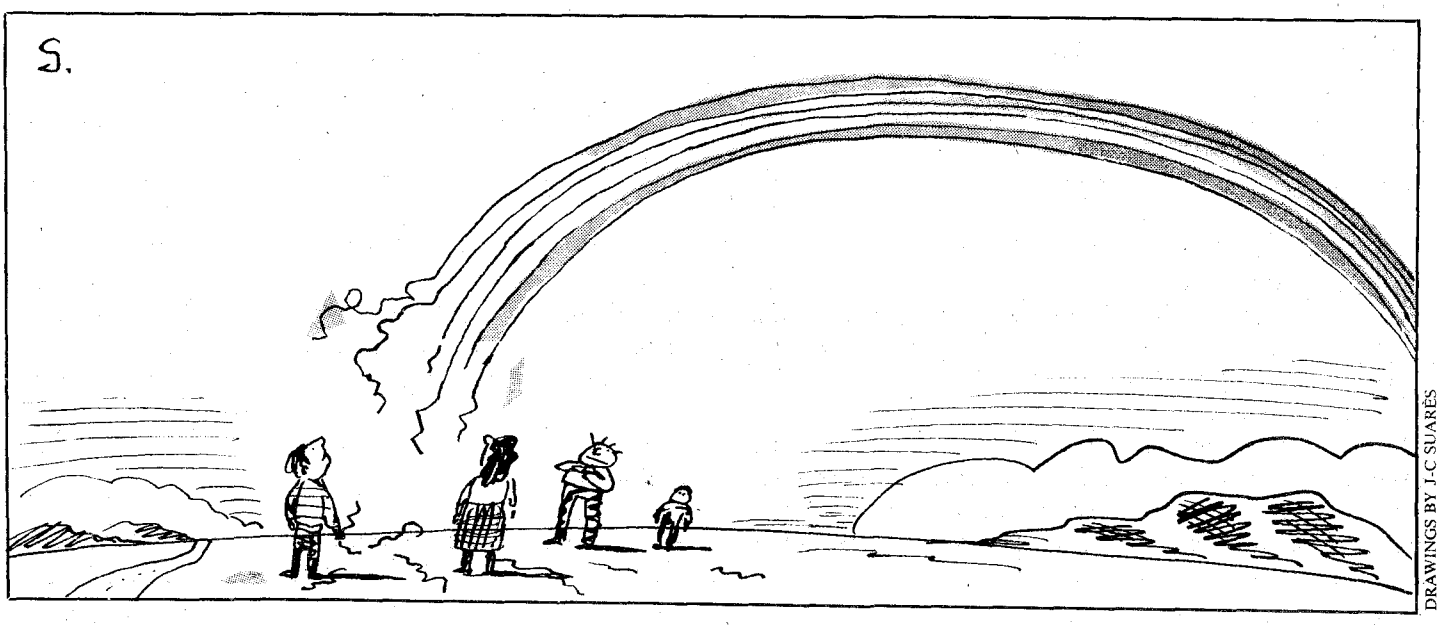
Politicians sell themselves to potential supporters. What we need to know is, In whose behalf are they trying to sell themselves? For whose votes and money are they being so tasteless as to grovel? That's what tells us who they are *now*. I like George Wallace for moving left to win black votes and I dislike Ed Koch for moving right to win white votes.

Who is Jesse Jackson *now*? Among other things, he is the only candidate whose campaign literature mentions "the reproductive rights of women"; the only candidate who says "Our macho image of what it means to be a man must change"; the only candidate who makes a major issue of obstacles to political participation; the only truly internationalist candidate (and thus no traditional populist), who understands that the United States is in danger of becoming a white island in a sea of nonwhite peoples; the only candidate who can say with authenticity, as he did to a group of Arab-Americans, "Just as Jews must be helped to know the suffering of Palestinians, we must challenge Palestinians to know and understand the fears and the history and the suffering of the Jewish people."

I don't know if Jackson is a true left-winger, but I do know a left-wing campaign when I see one. Moreover, Berman's advice not to support it looks more misguided every day. Jackson is now in a position that could make him a power broker at the Democratic National Convention in San Francisco. Some readers, I know, will instantly throw up their hands at the thought of a rabble-rousing opportunist (essentially, Berman's description of Jackson) being something so additionally impure and unclean as a power broker.

But if we don't want that, we don't want anything at all. We ought to be cheering that a person asserting those views, and a black person no less, may be in a position to bargain for recognition at a national convention. He is going to be bargaining for our views—or at least I hope they are the views of *Nation* readers.

We ought to reciprocate. Over the past few weeks Jackson has shown that he can do what he said he could do: bring out the black vote. The lesson of the Illinois primary is that Jesse Jackson does speak for black voters. We will have four more years of Reagan if Jackson's campaign effort is not respected enough at the convention to encourage him to turn out that vote for whoever the Democratic nominee may be. True, he hasn't brought out the white vote, but *we* are the white vote. We can bring ourselves out and prevent the ghettoization (which is indeed a real possibility) of the Rainbow Coalition.



DRAWINGS BY J.-C SUARÈS

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'WERE THE ROSENBERGS FRAMED?'

This historic debate, which was sponsored by The Nation and The New Republic at New York City's Town Hall last October 20th, has been described as "a political-literary brawl" (Los Angeles Times), at which "a cheering, jeering crowd of 1,500 followed every jab in a fight over history" (The Washington Post).

The main participants in the debate were: Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir, authors, Invitation to an Inquest; Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, authors, and Sol Stern, research assistant, The Rosenberg File: A Search for the Truth; and Elizabeth Holtzman, moderator. There were also questions and comments from Michael Meeropol, Morton Sobell, Marshall Perlin, James Weinstein, Victor Navasky and others.

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Jackson is also, as Berman correctly states, making it more unlikely for Jews to be part of the Rainbow Coalition. But *we* (a different "we" this time) are Jews; and we can choose to make our own likelihood. We can turn out for the only progressive candidate in the race, the only candidate who doesn't Red-bait or obfuscate. We can do our share to revitalize the Rainbow Coalition while staking out a position of friendship from which we can ask Jesse Jackson to do his share as well. □

OPEN ADMISSIONS REVISITED

How the Dream Was Deferred

ED QUINN AND LEONARD KRIEGEL

To our knowledge, no one has yet suggested that college professors in the United States adopt as their motto the confessional *Nostra Culpa*, but a sense of failure is pervasive in the groves of academe these days. On campuses across the nation one hears a litany of past sins, which boils down to the idea that we demanded too little of our students and expected too much. In the nation's collective imagination, nothing succeeds like failure. That incorrigible American need to reduce reality to a simple system of success or failure readily understandable by parent and politician, educator and journalist, is alive and well in American colleges and universities. How else to explain the ease with which the City University of New York's open admissions policy has been branded a "failure" and tossed away?

A recent *New York Times* review of Shirley Lauro's play *Open Admissions* exemplifies the widespread distrust of the policy. *The Times*'s drama critic Frank Rich refers to open admissions as an educational policy "created by well-meaning social planners . . . that . . . shuffles its poor students through four years of overcrowded and undertaught classes—then pushes them out the door with a worthless diploma." Since Broadway is as susceptible to the whims of fashion as is higher education, we were unable to see Lauro's play before it closed. But our argument is not with the play. Our argument is with the prevailing view that open admissions was, in Rich's words, "a round-trip excursion leading right back to the ghetto," an education fraud that mocked the cherished American ideal of upward mobility. What Rich presents as the indisputable factual background to the play is typical of the way in which open admissions has been dismissed, its carcass periodically dissected to remind Reagan's America that remedial education is woolly-headed and futile. What will save higher education is what the President's medicine man, Secretary of Educa-

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tion Terrel Bell, has prescribed for the other ills of American education: old-fashioned discipline, computerization of all facets of knowledge, mnemonic drills and strict *standards* (academia's current Holy of Holies) which will keep the barbarians from polluting the temple. To that conservative stew, the nation need add only a dash of prayer.

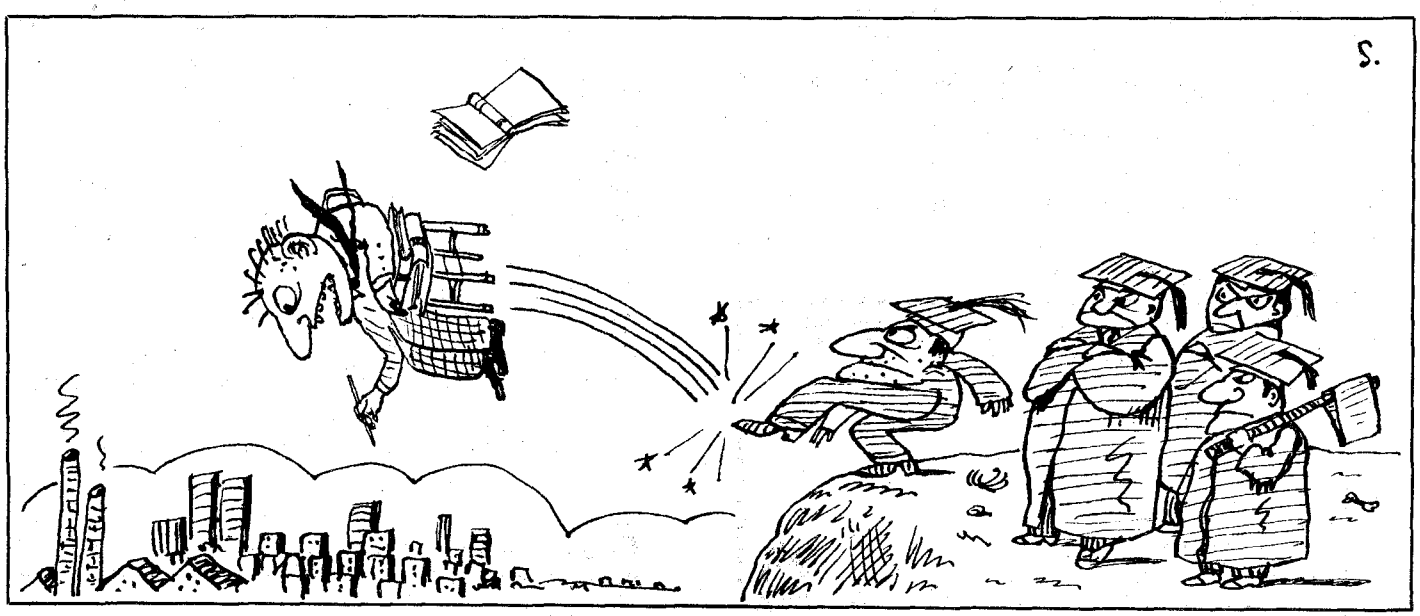
But exactly what was open admissions? What were its objectives? Who was it designed to serve? How did it perform? Only the first question can be answered accurately some fourteen years after the program's inception. Open admissions was the policy to admit city high-school graduates to the City University of New York regardless of their grades and Scholastic Aptitude Test scores. In 1970, the first year of the experiment, CUNY admitted to its senior colleges some 8,000 students with grade point averages below 80, which had been the required minimum. Those who supported open admissions believed that imaginative compensatory education combined with student motivation would overcome the gaps reflected in the students' high-school records.

Unfortunately, before the first open admissions students entered the CUNY system, battle lines had been drawn. On one side were university administrators and some faculty members who were eager for the program to succeed. Like Thomas Gray, who imagined "mute inglorious Milton[s]" buried in the Stoke Poges churchyard, they saw potential Shakespeares in every student who put aside his or her basketball or "ghetto blaster" for the *Harbrace College Handbook*, a standard freshman English text. Theirs was the Party of Hope. On the other side stood perhaps a majority of CUNY's senior faculty and most of the alumni, several of whom held influential positions on New York newspapers. Their alarm over the impending collapse of standards was so great that they actively opposed open admissions before its educational merit could be determined. Standing behind their wall of standards (which to this day remain mysteriously undefined), they insisted that it was impossible for students from the slums to give up the basketballs or the ghetto blasters. Theirs was the Party of Despair.

The authors of this article, then as now members of the English department at the oldest and most volatile of CUNY's institutions, the City College of New York, belonged to the Party of Hope. In 1968 we volunteered to teach in a small, experimental precursor of open admissions, the SEEK program, which offered remedial education to college students from minority groups whose high-school performance had not matched their academic potential [see Kriegel, "Headstart for College," *The Nation*, February 26, 1968]. At the risk of sounding immodest, we felt ideally suited to teach such students. We were conscious of our own ethnic and working-class origins. Our students considered us to be among the more successful teachers of composition in the department. And we considered ourselves—somewhat erroneously, as it turned out—street smart and con-proof.

The first casualty of our SEEK experience was the mentality that sees the world in terms of success or failure. Ours were not traditional students, and their progress was not measurable in traditional ways either. In one essay a student might convey anguish with such grace that we believed there was a person who might someday write professionally (as one or two of them have); in the next, however, he or she would show a total inability to organize the material. The resulting chaos seemed rooted in the very attempt to communicate meaning through the written word. Teaching such students was exhilarating. And it was painful, terribly painful. Success and failure were so intertwined with the student's life outside the college that correcting errors without destroying the student's belief in language as a useful tool became our primary problem. What we learned above all other things was that we would have to devise methods to deal with the remarkably wide range of problems and possibilities we found in our students.

SEEK was tolerated by the college because it was small enough to be ignored. But open admissions was intended to involve everyone on the faculty. It was one thing to develop ideas within a small, experimental program; quite another to try to teach while reporters and television camera crews roamed the halls, compiling daily bulletins on how open ad-



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missions students, who literally overflowed the classrooms, were doing. An increasingly ugly "them" and "us" atmosphere permeated the faculty. The Party of Hope insisted that our mute inglorious Miltons would add yet another splendid chapter to the history of "free" higher education in New York City. The Party of Despair claimed that the program would flop even before the students had entered their first class.

In the meantime, something else was going on. It was going on in the minds of students who, we were constantly reminded, "didn't really belong" in the halls of CUNY. To begin with, those members of the faculty willing to talk to them were discovering that the students were *people*, not constructs of the right or the left, neither "*those* people" nor "*the* people." Like other students, their ambitions constantly warred with their limitations. They cut corners; they looked for the easiest way out; they preferred to watch TV rather than read Marshall McLuhan on watching TV. *And they learned more than the average student.* That was largely because they had so much to learn, but it was also because they regarded a college education as their last and best chance.

But from the moment they entered CUNY, a question hung over them: Why had they been allowed to lower the standards of the university? Students at New York University or Long Island University or any of the state colleges and universities in the country have never had that question asked about them. Only at CUNY, where education was so glaringly "free," was it said that standards had been lowered. Only at CUNY were those standards viewed as fixed, immutable and exempt from social and political realities. And the conservative wing of the faculty placed its collective finger in the dike to insure that "standards" would not be swept away.

Still, let those of us who were in the Party of Hope grant that the first years of open admissions were chaotic. Let us grant that few envisioned the extent of the remedial effort we would be called upon to make. Let us grant that we, too, were guilty of politicizing what should have been an educational effort, so that it became for some a political sellout and for others yet another opportunity to purge white liberal guilt, which still seemed, in the early 1970s, a never-ending burden. But let us also point to the fact that out of the chaos and the venality, something terribly important emerged: a recognition of the degree to which education in American society had failed a significant segment of the population. As a consequence, potentially effective means of overcoming that failure began to develop—slowly, painfully and awkwardly.

The 1976 New York City fiscal crisis drove the final nail into the coffin of open admissions. But its demise was apparent even before the Federal government extracted its pound of flesh in the form of an end to free tuition. Academic standards would once again protect academic virtue. Higher education would not be a "free ride" any longer. It would belong to the gifted, the deserving and, best of all, to those who could pay.

What it demonstrated was how ill equipped the education system is, even with the best motives, to face the prospect before it. It also taught the two of us that if the system does not face that prospect honestly, higher education will foster illusions about the world and where it is headed.

Both the success and the failure of open admissions derived from what our late colleague Mina Shaughnessy called the "errors and expectations" open admissions students created in us and in themselves. From its inception, open admissions was weighed down by the expectations it inspired: for its critics, an expectation of disaster; for its supporters, an expectation of some sort of educational millennium. Both critics and supporters thought it would succeed or fail in obedience to their desires. Born in the 1960s, a decade in which optimism seemed natural, it grew up as those hopes came under increasing attack by a society that had grown mean-spirited and mendacious. The result was that open admissions exhibited the errors of its expectations and elicited, in turn, the expectation of its errors.

In Ronald Reagan's America, the conservative critics appear to have the upper hand. Open admissions, we are so often told, was a program that failed. But for us, it was a necessary step in the democratization of higher education in America, preparing the nation for a challenge more formidable than anything its institutions of higher learning have ever had to face. And before its critics are allowed to close the book on open admissions, let us remember that while the educational millennium never arrived, neither did the deluge. □

Korea

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

rebellion of 1979-80 in South Korea, American national security planners have been worried about rising discontent with the Chun regime, and Team Spirit may be intended to intimidate South Korean dissidents.

In an unprecedented letter to Congress and President Reagan in early January, the North Koreans called for three-way talks between the United States, South Korea and North Korea (D.P.R.K.) to reduce tensions on the peninsula. They wrote that "the present situation is strained so extremely that an accidental trifling incident might trigger off a war at any minute. . . . [Such a war] would inevitably expand into a nuclear war." In early February the *Los Angeles Times* reported that "Pyongyang is afraid of an American nuclear attack, which it says it sees as possible after the U.S. invasion of Grenada." The article quoted a Western diplomat as saying that North Korea's perceptions "are so warped, so weird, that you do not have the slightest idea what makes the country tick."

North Korea's view of the world is indeed warped, as is South Korea's. Both nations have been traumatized by the

Bruce Cumings teaches East Asian politics and political economy at the University of Washington. He is author of The Origins of the Korean War: Liberation and the Emergence of Separate Regimes 1945-1947 *(Princeton University Press).*

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forty-year struggle that has kept them divided, a struggle delineated by the fault lines of superpower conflict which cut across the peninsula and which in 1950 precipitated a war that cost 800,000 military and more than 2 million civilian casualties. D.P.R.K. leadership is the butt of many jokes, especially on the American left. But is it "warped" and "weird" for them to worry about nuclear attack?

Quite the contrary. North Korean behavior is an understandable response to three decades of American nuclear policy. There is no moral justification for that policy: it threatens a nonnuclear nation with nuclear annihilation. There is no strategic rationale for it: if there ever was one, it disappeared with the Sino-Soviet split a quarter-century ago, and North Korea has no certainty of backing from either China or the Soviet Union, especially if threatened with nuclear weapons. There is no geopolitical justification for the policy: the D.P.R.K. is China's best friend, and a friend of our friend should not be the object of nuclear intimidation. Yet putting the argument in those terms trivializes the enormity of the American threat, compared to which U.S. nuclear policy in Europe seems restrained and sensible.

Thirty years after the end of the Korean War, 40,000 American troops are locked in a confrontation with the North Koreans at the 38th parallel. They serve as a "tripwire deterrent," assuring Seoul of U.S. involvement in a potential war with the North. Since 1958 U.S. forces there have stockpiled tactical nuclear weapons, in violation of the 1953 armistice agreement, and several Administrations have brandished them to discourage a North Korean conventional attack. According to the best available information, the United States has about 250 such weapons in South Korea. These include twenty-one "atomic demolition munitions"—nuclear mines—which could be detonated along the demilitarized zone by remote control in the event of an invasion. The arsenal for American fighter-bombers stationed in South Korea includes nearly 140 nuclear bombs. U.S. forces in the field are armed with 155-millimeter and 8-inch nuclear shells; until the late 1970s, they were also armed with Nike-Hercules and Honest John nuclear-tipped short-range missiles. Former U.S. Air Force pilots told me that B-52s based in Guam periodically make simulated nuclear-bombing runs on the North, and that fighters in Japan are routinely scrambled and sent winging toward North Korea, to be recalled at the last minute. North Korean jets regularly howl southward on their drills.

Most experts agree that the likeliest cause of a full-scale nuclear war would be a regional conflict that got out of hand. U.S. nuclear contingency plans assume that a North Korean invasion will touch off World War III. As Freeman Dyson wrote in the February 20 issue of *The New Yorker*:

> Tactical nuclear weapons deployed in forward positions overseas are fundamentally more dangerous to world peace than strategic weapons deployed in silos and submarines. . . . Compared with the immediate danger that a local conflict in an area of tactical-weapons deployment might

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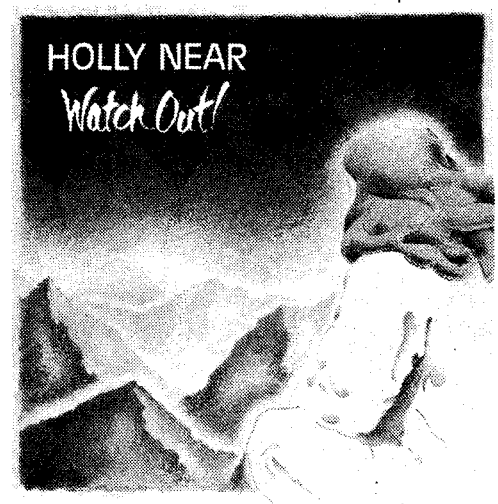

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> escalate into nuclear chaos, the instabilities of the strategic-arms race are remote and theoretical.

And in the Spring 1982 issue of *Foreign Affairs*, McGeorge Bundy, George F. Kennan, Robert McNamara and Gerard Smith pointed out:

> The one clearly definable firebreak against the worldwide disaster of general nuclear war is the one that stands between all other kinds of conflict and any use whatsoever of nuclear weapons. To keep that firebreak wide and strong is in the deepest interest of all mankind.

In Korea the firebreak is too narrow, made that way deliberately by U.S. strategic planners. For years the D.P.R.K. has complained about the nuclear threat, and lately South Koreans too have begun to realize that they are hostages to weapons over which they have not the slightest control. Their opinions are not asked; they are expected to accept the situation. Last August, Lee Young-hee, a South Korean college professor, published an article in *Kidokkyo Sasang* ("Christian Thought") criticizing American nuclear policies. His article caused a minor sensation, especially in Japan, where it was quickly translated and published in *Sekai* ("The World"). It was also disseminated widely among the Korean community in the United States. In January, Professor Lee was jailed by the Chun regime. His arrest, and those of two other intellectuals for advocating reunification, came two days after the unprecedented D.P.R.K. letter was sent to Washington.

The North Koreans have revealed that last September the United States and China had secretly approached them about holding informal talks. Indeed, the day before the Rangoon bombing, Beijing publicly offered its good offices to defuse North-South tensions. The despicable act of terrorism, committed by assassins allegedly acting on behalf of North Korean intelligence (the evidence is not conclusive), severely embarrassed the Chinese.

Yet the United States should not be deterred from responding favorably to the North Korean overture. After all, Jimmy Carter made a similar proposal in June 1979. Moreover, this country should remove all its nuclear weapons from South Korea forthwith. Unfortunately, the possibility of that happening is highly unlikely. U.S. weapons are there for reasons that are irrefutable because they are not demonstrable, as Nietzsche observed in a far different context.

From the beginning of the Korean War, on June 25, 1950, the United States has retained the option of using nuclear weapons against the foe. On July 17, Gen. Douglas MacArthur, commander of U.S. and United Nations forces, suggested during a top-secret teleconference with his superiors in Washington that he planned "to destroy North Korea" and to block any direct Chinese or Soviet involvement in the war. "I see here a unique use for the atomic bomb—to strike a blocking blow," he said. At that time, it will be recalled, America's proclaimed objective was to push the invaders back to the 38th parallel. Once the Chinese forces entered the war, in November 1950, MacArthur frequently requested authorization to use the bomb. In an interview in 1954 with journalist Bob Considine, which he gave on the condition that it not be published until after his death, the general said he could have ended the war in ten days if his pleas had been heeded by Washington. "I would have dropped between 30 and 50 atomic bombs . . . across the neck of Manchuria." Later, MacArthur planned "to spread . . . from the Sea of Japan to the Yellow Sea . . . a belt of radioactive cobalt. . . . It has an active life of between 60 and 120 years." That plan, he said, would have been "a cinch" to carry out.

It was not just crazies like MacArthur who advocated annihilating North Korea. Dwight D. Eisenhower called for the use of the bomb a few days after the war began. When he became President, in 1953, he threatened the Chinese with it if they refused to sign a truce. He also approved the bombing of irrigation dams that supplied three-quarters of the water for North Korea's rice fields. The purpose, according to official Air Force reports, was to starve the civilian populace into submission—this in a "limited war." Such measures had not been used since Hitler's Luftwaffe bombed dikes in the Netherlands. (They were considered but never used in the air war against North Vietnam.)

After the Chinese entered the war, President Truman held a press conference at which he refused to rule out the use of nuclear weapons. A month later, disassembled atomic bombs were placed aboard aircraft carriers patrolling Korean waters. In notes to himself during this time, Truman blustered about letting fly with atomic weapons from Beijing to Moscow to get the "Chinamen" out of Korea. For the rest of the war, lone B-29s flew simulated bombing runs over Pyongyang to remind North Koreans of the planes that had dropped the bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945.

The bomb was never used, of course, but that was mainly for practical military reasons. Enemy troop concentrations were not large enough to require its destructive power, and most of North Korea's cities and industrial installations could be flattened by conventional bombs. The war was limited only in the sense that the United States did not resort to its ultimate weapon. Otherwise, Washington held back nothing. U.S. firebombing left the North Koreans living like moles, in caves for much of the war. A Polish defector with whom I spoke, who toured North Korea right after the war, told me that nothing had been left standing. The country was in far worse shape than Poland was after World War II. In an oral history included in John Foster Dulles's papers at Princeton University, Gen. Curtis LeMay, head of the Strategic Air Command during the war, recalled asking the Pentagon for permission to "burn down" five of the biggest cities in North Korea and being told, "It's too horrible." Yet, LeMay observed, "over a period of three years or so . . . we burned down *every* town in North Korea. . . . Now, over a period of three years, that's palatable."

When his troops were reeling from the Chinese offensive in the winter of 1950-51, Gen. Matthew Ridgway asked MacArthur for permission to use chemical weapons. According to recently declassified documents, MacArthur had to remind his field commander that poison gas had been outlawed by the Geneva Convention of 1925. The Chinese

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and North Koreans charge that bacteriological warfare, however, was employed against them. Circumstantial evidence to that effect has been accumulating for several years, although it remains inconclusive.

The war taught the North Koreans some lessons that color their thinking to this day. As they see it, the United States will stop at nothing. Firebombings left North Korea in smoldering ruins. The destruction of dams devastated the food supply. The use of nuclear and chemical weapons was considered. Atomic blackmail was practiced through simulated bombing runs. Germ warfare may have been used. The U.S. military wreaked more destruction on North Korea than it did on North Vietnam.

U.S. behavior in the years since the end of the war has given the Kim Il Sung regime little cause to revise its feelings about the United States. In *The Price of Power*, Seymour Hersh describes the Nixon-Kissinger "madman theory" of diplomacy: make the enemy think you're capable of anything. Hersh suggests Eisenhower's nuclear diplomacy in Korea gave Nixon the idea. In April 1969 the North Koreans shot down a U.S. EC-121 spy plane. Kissinger and Nixon immediately decided to retaliate. Initially, they considered a conventional strike using B-52s, but when Kissinger was told by Defense Secretary Melvin Laird that the Koreans would undoubtedly respond with more violence, he ordered a study of all options, "including the possible use of tactical nuclear weapons," according to Hersh. An "enormous armada" reminiscent of that used at Normandy was sent to Korean waters.

In *The Ends of Power*, former White House chief of staff H.R. Haldeman wrote that Kissinger "overreacted on the hawkish side" by suggesting the use of nuclear weapons if the North Koreans responded to the bombing raid he and Nixon advocated. Cooler heads in the military prevailed; the National Security Agency had concluded that the downing of the EC-121 was an isolated occurrence and had not been ordered by the North Korean government. Hersh also quotes Lawrence Eagleburger, a former national security assistant to Nixon and currently Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs, as saying that Nixon became "drunk" during the crisis, "ranting and raving." The D.P.R.K.'s lesson from 1969: the American leadership is capable of a nuclear response to an act of self-defense against a spy plane 10,000 miles from U.S. borders.

Caspar Weinberger's five-year Defense Guidance inaugurated the doctrine of "prevailing" over the Soviet bloc according to a plan that escalates from conventional to limited to all-out nuclear war. As Thomas C. Reed, then special assistant to Reagan, told Richard Halloran of *The New York Times* in 1982, "There's nothing wrong with winning."

What most have failed to recognize in Weinberger's doctrine may be more important than its basic outline. First, it is not new. Second, it is directed not at the Soviet Union but at its allies, real and assumed. Third, it represents a doctrinal shift that in turn reflects an important shift in political coalitions in Washington. Halloran reported that Reagan's foreign policy advisers, unhappy with containment and détente, had devised the doctrine of "prevailing" in order to restore U.S. superiority. It is intended to "loosen" Soviet control over Eastern Europe, Cuba, Vietnam and North Korea, he wrote, and calls for the use of "special-operations forces to project U.S. power" into places where conventional forces might be "premature" or "infeasible," "particularly in Eastern Europe."

Prevailing is simply rollback by another name. It is positive, active, even aggressive, in contrast to the defensiveness of containment and what right-wing critics call the "pusillanimous" détente of Nixon and Kissinger. It is a rerun of the late 1940s shift in defense policy. Throughout World War II, Rooseveltian internationalism—1940s détente—sought to enmesh the Soviet Union in a global system that the United States expected to dominate, while recognizing legitimate Soviet interests. In 1947, as the cold war deepened, American policy shifted toward containment. By 1949, the debate in high-level policy circles had shifted from internationalism versus containment to containment versus rollback. The early months of 1950 are particularly important here. Paul Nitze replaced George F. Kennan as head of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff and drafted NSC 68, the most important cold war document, which embodied a dialectic on containment and rollback. James Burnham, perhaps the key theorist on the virtues of rollback, found listeners for his views in Washington. John Foster Dulles, every Republican's choice for Secretary of State, joined the Truman Administration in April 1950 as a consultant to the State Department, thereby defusing some of the right-wing attacks on the Democrats led by Senator Joe McCarthy, who had begun his assaults two months earlier.

By August 1950 rollback phrases from NSC 68 were being used to justify a march into North Korea. Dulles was among the first to suggest that course, although to suggest that it was right-wing policy perverts the historical record: a broad coalition supported it. But then MacArthur's forces met several hundred thousand Chinese soldiers in the frigid North Korean hinterland, causing what Secretary of State Dean Acheson called the worst American defeat since Bull Run. It produced one of the worst domestic political crises in postwar history. Truman's supporters blamed the debacle

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on MacArthur and vice versa. After the failure of rollback in Korea, the policy lived on as rhetoric in the Eisenhower-Dulles years and was not tried again until the Bay of Pigs fiasco.

North Korea is the only Communist regime in the postwar period to have had most of its territory occupied by the United States. The political side of the occupation was run by South Korean President Syngman Rhee and his police, and atrocities were committed against Communists and their supporters. Yet in the eyes of the Soviet Union and China, the Korean War taught the enemy a lesson: this far and no farther. As a result the Korean War was "limited" in another sense: the Chinese limited U.S. expansion.

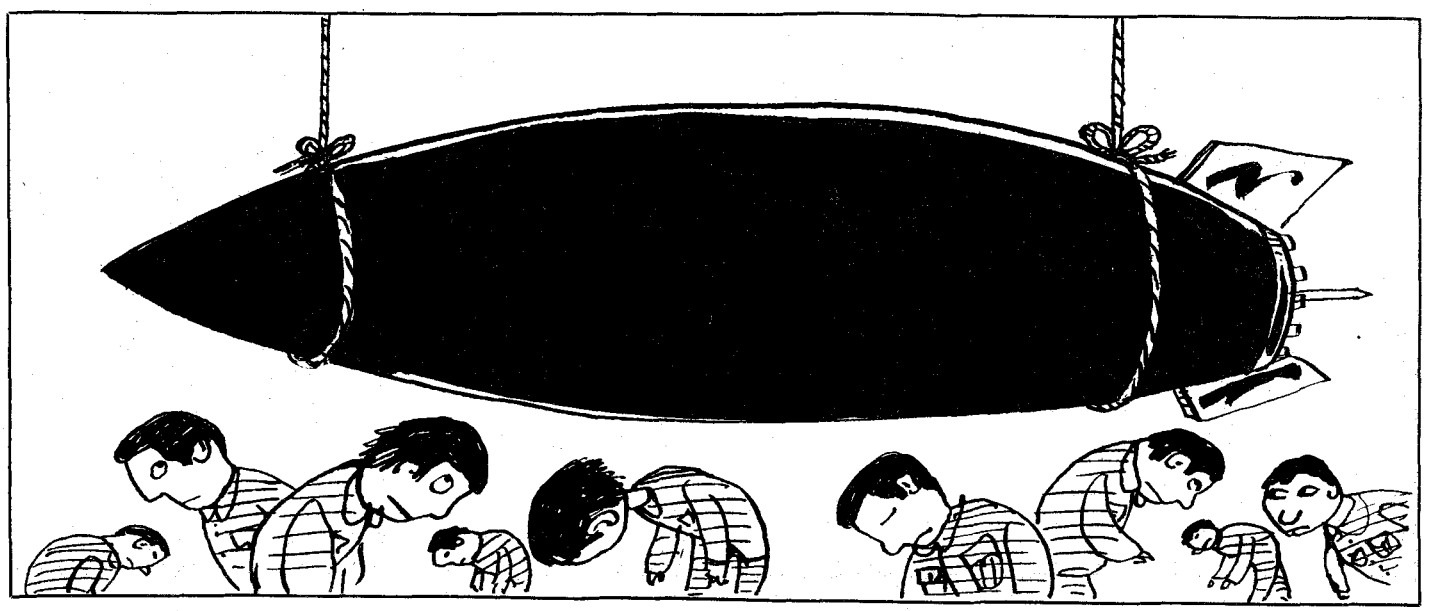
Today, as in 1950, the debate is between containment and rollback. Advocates of rollback make their presence felt mostly through clandestine activities against Nicaragua and Suriname; in the on-again, off-again Libyan games, which seek to lure Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi into giving us an excuse to send troops against him; and in the Grenada invasion, which was called rollback by a State Department official but which was, like so much else about the Reagan years, a parody of the 1950s. Yet Grenada's significance as a step beyond containment was grasped, surprisingly, by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who pointed out that such policies could lead to "horrible wars."

As we have seen, the Defense Guidance calls for detaching countries like North Korea from the Soviet orbit. One wonders if the Pentagon's planners realize that Soviet control has been loosened since at least the early 1960s, when North Korea sided with the Chinese (not wholly, but more assertively than any Communist state save Albania) in their dispute with Moscow. Pyongyang spent much of the late 1970s railing against "dominationism," its code word for Soviet imperialism, synonymous with China's "hegemonism." More important, North Korea is isolated, having no allies who can be counted on to come to its aid and no sympathetic constituency in the United States.

Perhaps the most bizarre aspect of Reagan's "doomsday scenario," as physicists Hans Bethe and Kurt Gottfried term his national security policies, is the doctrine of horizontal escalation, which calls for the United States to respond to a Soviet incursion with a counteroffensive in another region of the world. For example, if the Russians attack in the Persian Gulf, America might respond by charging up the Korean peninsula.

Yet the lunacy does not end there. In May 1983, Jack Anderson reported that since August 1981, when Reagan authorized the production of neutron-bomb warheads, the Pentagon has been "quietly" stockpiling them. Although European countries will not allow them to be put on their territory, Anderson wrote, Pentagon planners "know there's another place the tactical neutron bombs could be used effectively: South Korea." He went on to note that the bomb's inventor, Sam Cohen, got the idea for it while on a secret mission to Seoul in 1951 as a Defense Department consultant. If neutron bombs had been available in the battle to recapture Seoul, "their application would have represented a highly discriminatory attack," Anderson quoted Cohen as saying. The U.S. stockpile consists largely of "some 340 warheads built for the Lance ground-to-ground missile," Anderson reported. At that time, the Lance was "not yet deployed," and the neutron bombs were still in the United States, but it was "most likely" that South Korea would agree to their deployment. A Defense Department spokesman declined to comment when asked by reporters if the United States would use neutron bombs in response to an attack on South Korea.

For the past year the North Koreans have claimed that the United States plans to deploy Pershing 2 and cruise missiles in South Korea. Although to my knowledge there has been no such deployment, it would not be surprising if that was in the offing. As in Europe, such a move would be justified by the deployment of SS-20s in the far eastern regions of the Soviet Union, although they are presumably aimed at China and Japan rather than South Korea. The "hard target" Pershing is designed to place a high-yield warhead within sixty to a hundred feet of its target. Such explosions



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would be the most effective way of destroying the extensive underground bunkers and fortifications in North Korea, built in response to decades of U.S. nuclear intimidation. Such a deployment would make the South Koreans hostages to the superpowers' nuclear confrontation, whereas now the only threat to their security comes from the nonnuclear North. For the Pentagon, however, deployment of Pershings and cruises in South Korea would be ideal: a friendly government and no antinuclear protesters. In the words of a 1978 House Armed Services Committee report:

> Army commanders in Korea believe that Korea represents the best possible training ground in the world . . . extensive maneuvering areas, extensive free-fire ranges, as well as a real live adversary north of the DMZ. Moreover, it is one of the few US military bases worldwide where no one is trying to chase us out and no one is trying to raise the rent.

In a July 1982 lecture delivered in Seoul, Gen. Winfield W. Scott, then deputy commander of U.S. forces in South Korea, asserted that the U.S. Pacific Command had the authority to resist a North Korean attack with a "forward defense" that is "designed to strike hard at the enemy at the point of invasion." Congressional authorization is not required for such action, he said. In January 1983, Gen. Edward C. Meyer told reporters in Seoul that while the United States had the capability to fight a protracted conventional war in Korea, should the local commander need to use nuclear weapons, he would make his recommendation to Washington. "At that point," Meyer explained, "it is more of a political than a military issue. . . . It's far simpler here than in Europe, where consultations have to be made with fifteen different sovereign nations."

The left seems to have forgotten about Korea. Not so the right. In his syndicated column of November 10, 1982, Patrick Buchanan attacked the American Catholic bishops' pastoral letter on nuclear weapons. "How, in the name of God," he asked, "is any small nation to defend itself from a mass onslaught" by the Soviet Union or China? If North Korea attacked South Korea, "would the U.S. be acting irrationally if we detonated a nuclear weapon in front of, or on top of, that Communist army? Why? Which of St. Augustine's conditions for the waging of just war would be violated?"

It would be difficult to imagine how Buchanan could further caricature the bishops' moral guidance. He asks if nuking the North Koreans would be "irrational"; the bishops spoke of the "immorality" of the bomb itself. By Buchanan's reasoning, the Chinese would be justified in atomizing South Korea if its army marched on the North.

Another Reaganite who is obsessed with the North Koreans is *New York Times* columnist William Safire. In February 1981 he wrote that El Salvador is "this hemisphere's South Korea," the place where "we must break the Communist winning streak," a place "where we can win." What is winning? he asked. "Is it supporting a military junta that kills the opposition but by its repressive nature produces more opposition that becomes [*sic*] necessary to kill? If need be, yes—considering the aggressive totalitarian alternative."

At least Safire follows the logic to its conclusion: Do you like right-wing or left-wing killers? He'll take the former. But note his implied verdict on the Korean War, still shared by so many: We won. We did not win, and most people knew that in 1953. We were fought to a bloody stalemate by an army of peasants. We won only in his peculiar definition thirty years later we still support a military regime that kills off its opposition.

Under Secretary of Defense Fred Iklé understands Korean War history a bit better. In a speech in Baltimore last September, he argued that U.S. intervention in Central America might well mean the partition of the region, with American soldiers required "to man a new military front line" in the East-West conflict. That is, we would need to find another 38th parallel.

It would be a dire mistake to suggest that such argument are limited to the Republican right. The terror of the Korean War was bipartisan. The policy of placing nuclear weapons in South Korea, their sole conceivable use being against Koreans, has persisted since 1958. The intimidation, its breadth and scope, and the nuclear test games of the Team Spirit exercise began with the Carter Administration. The madness is the policy, and it is consensual. Thirty years of it has produced its mirror image in North Korea. But North Korean paranoia cannot be called pathological, and therefore it is not paranoia. A moment's reflection on what we look like from Pyongyang suggests that *their* behavior is far more explicable than ours. Who are the barbarians? □

Nixon

(*Continued From Page 405*)

> I wonder if ten years from now history will endorse the notion that Mr. Nixon has "suffered enough." The powerful men around him have also lost their jobs and been disgraced, but many of them will have lost their liberty and livelihood. Mr. Nixon, on the other hand, will continue to be supported in lavish style with a pension and subsidies at the taxpayers' expense until his death. He may re-enter public life, however morally crippled. The prospect of Mr. Nixon publishing his memoirs (and thereby adding several million dollars to his net worth) should remind us that unlike his aides who were convicted of crimes Mr. Nixon will have the "last say" about his own role in Watergate if he is not prosecuted. This is why, in my view, it is important (absent a full admission of guilt) to have some definitive resolution of Mr. Nixon's Watergate actions.

Frampton has been proved 100 percent right. Nixon stonewalled his handpicked successor, Gerald Ford, and received a full pardon. And so the only President in our history to decamp from the White House with the law at his heels is an oracle for our times. As Frampton predicted, he will have the "last say"—and collect millions for it. FRED J. COOK

Fred J. Cook, whose autobiography will be published this fall, has written extensively for The Nation.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Middle of the Journey

ELIZABETH FRANK

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER. *By Charles Wright. Random House. 73 pp. $11.95.*

HISTORY OF MY HEART. *By Robert Pinsky. The Ecco Press. 51 pp. $12.50.*

THE MILKY WAY: Poems 1967–1982. *By Jon Anderson. The Ecco Press. 177 pp. $14.95.*

Midcareer can be a precarious time for the accomplished poet. Manifest strengths need to be consolidated without slipping into habit or manner. The dangers of obligation to one's audience and past achievement line up against the pressures of having to find fresh things to say and new ways of saying them. Charles Wright, Robert Pinsky and Jon Anderson all have considerable bodies of work behind them; none is any longer young. Of the three, Wright and Pinsky are by far the more interesting, and face the midcareer perils with triumphant results. Wright's material is mostly rural and elegiac, Pinsky's urban and contemporary, but each puts memory to the uses of transfiguration and each does it the hard way—through art.

Wright's seventh book, *The Other Side of the River*, has the lean bluegrass modernist music and the faintly surreal imagery that have marked his work from the beginning. It has something new as well: hard, direct statement and fearlessly drawn conclusions. Wright's earlier books (*Hard Freight*, *Bloodlines*, *The Southern Cross*) revealed his abiding loyalty to the South of his childhood during the Depression and World War II, and this past supplies his new work, too, with textures and idioms. He is no regionalist in the conventional sense: rather, it's his absolute refusal to trust any version of reality except that given by the senses that gives his words their unmistakable country flavor. When he says, in "Lost Souls,"

> Over the green hinge of the
> Cumberland Plateau
> The eyelash dusk of July was coming
> down
> effortlessly, smooth as an oiled
> joint . . .

I am reminded of Huck Finn's description of a summer storm over the Mississippi, when the thunder is like "rolling empty barrels down stairs, where it's long stairs, and they bounce a good deal."

Discontinuity, the theme of *The Southern Cross*, troubles him still: How is it that you can get back some, but not all, of the past? In "Two Stories" he laments:

> It's discontinuity
> and all its spangled coming between
> That sends us apart and keeps us there
> in a dread.
> It's what's in the rear-view mirror,
> smaller and out of sight.

He is anxious about age, fame and the possible fading of talent: "What do you do when the words don't come to you anymore . . . ?"; "How strange it is to awake/Into middle age"; "The ache for fame is a thick dust and weariness in the heart." At the same time, he appears to have become restless with elegy, even a little bored by it. Putting the habit of mourning aside, he writes:

> What is it inside the imagination that
> keeps surprising us
> At odd moments
> when something is given back
> We didn't know we had had
> In solitude, spontaneously, and with
> great joy?
> ("Lonesome Pine Special")

In other poems, Wright's familiar themes—Italy and California, Chinese poetry, other poets, pictures—are enriched by these intimations of redemption and maturity. In one poem he sees his kinship with the poet Leopardi as an influence assimilated, outgrown and placed at an affectionate distance. He also confronts the sense of being unmoored which comes over him when he gets too far away from the past, as in "California Dreaming":

> Some nights, when the rock-and-roll
> band next door has quit playing,
> And the last helicopter has thwonked
> back to the Marine base,
> And the dark lets all its weight down
> to within a half inch of the
> ground,
> I sit outside in the gold lamé of the
> moon
> as the town sleeps and the
> country sleeps
> Like flung confetti around me,
> And wonder just what in the hell I'm
> doing out here
> So many thousands of miles away
> from what I know best.

This question is by no means easy for him to answer. It is true that when he strays too far from his spiritual center he can lose the inevitable rightness of his best work. The new poems, however, tell us that he is capable of looking the problem in the eye, and that he distrusts still points even though his work is a ceaseless quest for them. Each encounter with memory frees more of the present:

> To speak of the dead is to make them
> live again:
> we invent what we need.
> Knot by knot I untie myself from the
> past
> And let it rise away from me like a
> balloon.
> What a small thing it becomes.
> What a bright tweak at the vanishing
> point, blue on blue.
> ("Arkansas Traveller")

Wright's desolations, illuminations, losses and recoveries take place in landscapes with winter hibiscus, jack pines, pepper trees, red-tailed hawks, rivers with pebbled beds and iridescent orchards, where night skies are visible and "Where chainsaws/Whittle away at the darkness, and diesel rigs/Carry our deaths all night through the endless rain." He continues to write exquisite poetry that is full without fatness, bitter without enmity and American to its bones.

The core of Robert Pinsky's third book of poems is the long title piece, "History of My Heart." Pinsky has written long poems from the beginning and established himself as a poet in the discursive mode with serious moral purposes. "The poem, new or old," he has written in his admirable book of criticism, *The Situation of Poetry*, "should be able to help us, if only to help us by delivering the relief that something has been understood, or even seen, well."

Pinsky has used himself as a subject before, notably in his first long poem, "Sadness and Happiness," but in *History of My Heart* he is more directly

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Elizabeth Frank teaches English at Bard College. She is the author of Jackson Pollock *(Abbeville) and* Louise Bogan: A Portrait, *forthcoming from Knopf.*

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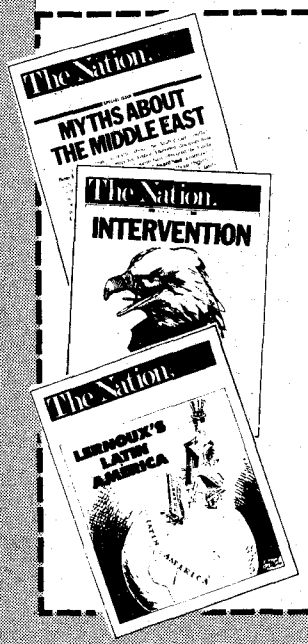

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autobiographical, more centered in self. Yet his focus is still less on his own spiritual innards than on the etiology of desire. When the poet was a child, his mother told him how one Christmas, when she was working at Macy's, Fats Waller came into the store:

> the crowd swelled and stood
> Filling the aisles, whispered at the fringes, listening
> To the sounds of the large, gorgeously dressed man,
>
> His smile bemused and exalted, lips boom-booming a bold
> Bass line as he improvised on an expensive, tinkly
> Piano the size of a lady's jewel box or a wedding cake.
>
> She put into my heart this scene from the romance of Joy,
> Co-authored by her and the movies, like her others . . .
> ("History of My Heart")

As we know from Wordsworth and Proust, our emotions become welded to such moments forever. Pinsky is intrigued by the way the lore of desire begets recognition of it:

> what I felt
> Dancing close one afternoon with a thin blonde girl
> Was my amazing good luck, the pleased erection
> Stretching and stretching at the idea *She likes me,*
> *She likes it*, the thought of legs under a woolen skirt,
>
> To see eyes "melting" so I could think *This is it,*
> *They're melting!* Mutual arousal of suddenly feeling
> Desired: *This is it: "desire"!*
> ("History of My Heart")

Pinsky mixes warm and often funny autobiographical anecdotes with long comfortable passages of commentary, so that it is always astonishing and unexpected when he makes wild, almost allegorical leaps into another realm of imagination. Remembering a prized flashlight received on another Christmas, he envisions the heart not yet awakened to desire as "a titular,/Insane king who stares emptily at his counselors" and follows with the grotesque figure of the brain "settling/Into the morning *Chronicle*, humming to itself,/Like a fat person eating M&Ms in the bathtub." It's a mixture of Poe's "The Haunted Palace" and an R. Crumb cartoon.

In *The Situation of Poetry*, Pinsky took a stand against what he saw as the contemporary fashion of poetic nominalism (more loosely, surrealism), and his sense that there is an impervious, bullying reality out there, defying the poet to make something out of it, has never been stronger. Nevertheless, Pinsky is taking greater risks with imagery, allowing it to assume a new supremacy over the explanatory mode. In "The Figured Wheel," the bizarre juggernaut of the title rolls unstoppably over the world, gathering all times, places, persons, mythologies, religions and literatures into its gorgeous hangings and inscriptions, which add up to nothing less than the human race's whole inheritance of metaphor. In the course of finding "The exact forms of the ordinary," particularly the "unfabulous" American urban ordinary, Pinsky imagines ironic-marvelous *tableaux vivants*, filled with grim enchantment. In "Faeryland" we see, at first, no fairyland at all but the city in winter twilight, soiled, wet, dark, then suddenly populated by the malevolent ghosts of the dead:

> The city itself,
> Shoreline muffled in forgotten need and grief,
>
> To us cold as a stone Venus in the snow, for them
> Shows the ham-fisted persistence of the newborn . . .

Envying the aliveness around them, these beings deal out the heartless annoyances and cruel mishaps of city life with malicious glee, causing old women with shopping bags to fall off buses and bruise their hips on the ice, or elevators to stop for no reason between floors.

What's especially interesting is the way Pinsky refrains from embedding his figures and fables in obligatory explanation. His voice is still engagingly talky, still confiding, anecdotal, funny, sober and reflective—the voice of a storyteller and, occasionally, a teacher—but it seems to pause more often, to see more deeply into the strangeness of things, and to be less concerned about continuity, connection and closure.

Jon Anderson's new book, *The Milky Way: Poems 1967-1982*, contains an ample selection of poems from his three previous volumes (*Looking for Jonathan*, *Death & Friends* and *In Sepia*) plus a new, previously unpublished collection, *American Landscape with Clouds & a Zoo*. In this latter group there are some affecting lyrics about the past, death, memory and love, which are marked by strong lines and poignant

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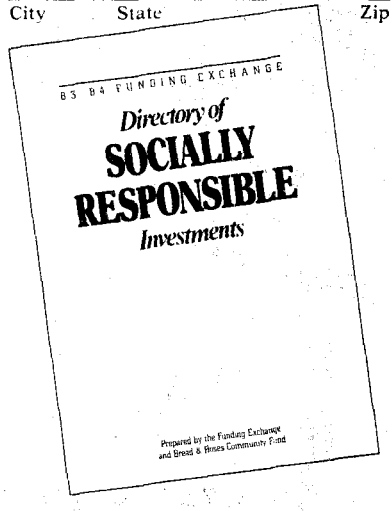
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renderings of light, weather and the seasons ("Then it was autumn & the leaves fell down,/Full of the odors of tobacco/& coffee"). Anderson is a skillful introspectionist and can tell you exactly what he is feeling with fine moment-to-moment precision.

Anderson's work contains much that is sweet, heartfelt, intense, pained and ecstatic, yet as a craftsman he is simply not in the same league as Pinsky and Wright. He lapses into facile devices, often ending poems, for instance, with cute or sententious single lines set off from flaccid stanzas. Here is the end of "Falling in Love":

> The dusky gourdlike eggplant
>
> We will batter & fry come morning
> Adorns the kitchen table,
>
> A little shade of vegetable contemplation.
> I think it is lonely.
>
> I think it would like you to awaken.

He falls into what sound like bad translations of Rilke ("Like the seasons, their terrible/Seemingly effortless labor to simply *become*") or, worse, into humorless psychobabble ("I was restored/By your bearing & openness to pain").

Anderson writes, in "A Globe of Snow," of liking the poet Tu Fu, whose works "Assume a mutual understanding." His own poetry not only assumes a sympathetic reader, it demands one who will identify with and bless the incoherent consciousness behind its shifting voices, thoughts and forms. The dust jacket of *The Milky Way* quotes him as saying, "My poetry isn't for everyone. It's for people like myself who want to contend with themselves. I think of my poems as intimate conversations with close friends, to whom I'm not afraid to reveal my vulnerabilities and loneliness. It might sound exclusive, but that's the way it is. There are other writers to take care of other audiences." Sincerity is a fine thing, but Anderson too often relies on it to supply what his technique isn't able to. He writes, in "American Landscape with Clouds & a Zoo," like a frustrated hippie:

> America is in trouble & you're too
> Fucked-up to even understand, buy it.
> Is America fucked-up because it understands
> Itself only too well as you do you?

He was writing similarly sixteen years ago, as in "Preparation for Travel," from his first book, *Looking for Jonathan*:

> For my birthday
> God gave me 10,000 white birds, so that I
> would not be alone, but I am.
> So I am writing to you,
> the only poem I ever write; badly,
> but in sincerity.
> I am trying to love you.
> Love me. I have no shame.

Anderson has never purged his language of its youthful reliance on inarticulateness as an expressive mode, or learned to edit out his sappier, windier passages. Too often his stanzas, which sit on the page with decorous formality, turn out to be merely arranged, lacking necessity in everything from their line lengths to their syntax and figures. Worst of all, his seemingly compulsive preoccupation with the self, time and memory serves only as a lever to general phrasemaking:

> Maybe the past is neither found nor lost,
> But misconceived;
> The future dies of fear.
> If memory is remorse,
> The present is rapt borderline,
> You must descend a gradual ladder of grass
> Into the childish earth
> Now, before the wind's fist,
> The storm,
> The earth's darkening.
> ("Memory: A Vision")

If it were all as simple as that, then the terrible, painful questions Wright and Pinsky struggle with would be only so much wasted breath. Surely their labors and their language—so various, resourceful and un-easy—stand as the best criticism of even Anderson's best work. □

D.W. Griffith and the Wolf

SAM KAPLAN

D.W. GRIFFITH: An American Life. *By Richard Schickel. Simon & Schuster. 672 pp. $24.95.*

More than half a century after he directed his last movie and more than thirty-five years after his death, D.W. Griffith has retained the eminence he was so eager to achieve in his lifetime. With *The Birth of a Nation* in 1915 and *Intolerance* in 1916, he turned motion pictures into an art that people would take seriously. Or, to put it another way, Griffith made his medium respectable, and along with it, himself.

Respectability was no small matter for him. He was a semiliterate Kentucky bumpkin who wanted to become a great artist long before he knew whether he had any art to offer. Even in his late 20s, he was a dabbler with an uneven career as an obscure stage actor and occasional writer, who published one sappy poem and whose one produced play lasted two weeks on the road. He had no idea which of the arts he wanted to follow, only the confidence that somehow he would find one.

Sam Kaplan teaches the sociology of art at Boston University and has published film criticism in many papers and journals. He is currently a regular film critic for The Boston Ledger *and a movie commentator for WGBH-TV.*

Out of work, Griffith drifted into the disreputable world of movies as an actor and then, in 1908, cautiously agreed to direct ten-minute films for Biograph. Almost by chance, he entered the kind of tumultuous career which Hollywood's gaudy folklore has now made familiar. Like many a later director and producer, he drove himself hard, put his wife to work as an actress in his movies, had affairs with other actresses (at least until they passed into senescence at about 24), made a blockbuster that earned him a small fortune, drove a fancy car, yearned to own a studio so that he could control his own work, and then disastrously overleaped himself, falling into complex financial troubles from which he never escaped.

By then, however, Griffith had transformed the industry. His Biograph shorts established the basic grammar of the movies, with their increasingly varied use of camera position, lighting and editing; he discovered the importance of underacting; and *The Birth of a Nation*, transfixing a vast audience, demonstrated the esthetic and commercial superiority of the feature-length film. But his next movie, *Intolerance*, barely made money, and Griffith became yet another kind of pioneer, the first filmmaker to enter on the long decline from fame and wealth.

For another fifteen years Griffith continued to make movies, though not on the scale he wanted. *Broken*

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Blossoms (1919), *Way Down East* (1920) and *Isn't Life Wonderful* (1924) were not the spectacles he craved, nor were they profitable enough to save the studio he created on Long Island. Other films, now almost forgotten, lost money. By 1931, Griffith found himself revered as Hollywood's great artist and innovator—indeed, he was often credited with the inventions of others—yet unable to get work. He made no movies after that year, although Hal Roach called him in to supervise parts of *One Million B.C.* in 1940, and he spent most of his last years (he died at 73 in 1948) as a somewhat embittered hanger-on.

His rise and fall would make a classic Hollywood movie, and it is something of a wonder that the industry, always eager to devour and reproduce itself simultaneously, has never tried. Perhaps by the time he died there had been just too many sad, sad epics about the supposedly destructive consequences of overwhelming success. In any case, the biographical task was left to literature, a high-toned consummation Griffith would have appreciated.

He did not make that task easy. Griffith was notably reserved about his private life, and as he grew older and more famous he tended to fabricate impressive little stories about his past, claiming, for instance, that he had been a teen-age reporter in Louisville, Kentucky. He also hated to commit anything to paper, even to the point of directing long films without any apparent shooting script. He did begin an autobiography, but abandoned it. His coworkers—Lillian Gish, Billy Bitzer—revealed little about him in their own memoirs. No wonder that most of those who tried to write his life story marched off into piety, skimmed over his evasions or, like Griffith himself, simply stopped in midpursuit.

Griffith called the first draft of his autobiography *D.W. Griffith and the Wolf*, referring to his struggle with hunger and poverty. But Schickel's admirable biography, which is the first to portray anything like Griffith's full life and career, indicates that the wolf was a lifelong status embarrassment which began with his family's genteel poverty and was compounded by his career in the movies instead of one of the respected arts.

Indeed, it seems plausible that Griffith's formidable reserve could have arisen at least partly from the fear that he would be found out as a half-educated provincial. Whatever he

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thought about his early poverty, it wasn't food he had in mind when he looked back on his first years in New York as an immigrant actor from Kentucky and remembered eating in restaurants with more cachet than those he had actually frequented.

Nor did money itself matter much to him, except as a means to make movies that would measure up to the most grandiose esthetic standards. Almost as soon as he found himself directing pictures, he set out to turn them into what he thought of as "art," not least because he wanted to walk in the company of great artists. At Biograph he adapted Dickens's *The Cricket on the Hearth*, Tolstoy's *Resurrection* and Browning's *Pippa Passes*, and though all his feature films had original scripts or came from sentimental middlebrow literature, he liked to hint that he would one day film *Faust* or *Antony and Cleopatra*.

That uneasy awe of high culture, which led his own work sometimes toward splendor but just as often toward the stilted and the pompous, was present from the start of his career. The first film script he tried to sell was lifted from *Tosca*, and ever after he shifted back and forth between believing that the movies were the greatest artistic medium in history and that the theater was the one true serious form.

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Much later, when he was celebrated a little too giddily as the man who invented the movies, he was mightily pleased when a press agent described him as "the Belasco of the Screen."

If his overeager cultural posturing was one line of defense against anxiety, his rigid attitudes toward race and sex may have been another. Throughout his career, though most notoriously in *The Birth of a Nation*, he clung to a racist view of blacks and to a sentimental idea of Southern racism. The sharply divided reaction to the film demonstrated that the country by no means universally shared his outlook. But Griffith learned nothing except commercial prudence from the complaints, even when they included a sizable street protest in Boston. He grudgingly excised some of the most offensive footage and quickly responded with *Intolerance*, which he intended as a plea for freedom to put what he chose into his movies, no matter who might be distressed or harmed.

If the four crosscut stories that make up *Intolerance*—treason in ancient Babylon, the crucifixion of Christ, the massacre of the Huguenots and the suppression of a strike in modern America—do not make quite the argument that Griffith intended, they do bespeak an impassioned sympathy for the poor and oppressed. But Griffith could not move from that compassion to a rejection of racism. Perhaps the myths of white chivalry and black bestiality, like the image of the Confederacy as a glorious lost cause, soothed his insecurities about his own origins. Giving up the myths would have meant surrendering the most obvious advantage a white Southerner, especially a poor one, could claim.

His sexual attitudes also suggest defensiveness. As Schickel notes, few of Griffith's characters possessed any sexual ease, and his movies regularly portrayed a woman's loss of innocence as a disaster. Sometimes it was even lethal, as when he required Mae Marsh to fling herself to her death in *The Birth of a Nation* to avoid a rapacious black man. Monotonously, he confined the sex lives of his unmarried characters to a succession of callous seductions, near-rapes and rapes. The liberalization of sexual attitudes already taking place seems hardly to have touched him. Even after the Jazz Age was well under way, he continued to make movies about sexual naïfs.

In his private life Griffith chose women he could easily dominate, actresses who were not only in his employ but also a good deal younger. Given the reticence of all the parties, it is hard to know the details, but Schickel, who over the years has interviewed many of Griffith's co-workers and studied the published and unpublished sources, thinks that some of Griffith's mistresses may have been in their mid-teens. When he married for the second time, he was 61 and his bride, Evelyn Baldwin, was 26. At that, she was older than most of his women had been.

Several of the women were, or became, the stars of his movies—Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Carol Dempster and possibly other leading ladies as well. As anyone can tell by looking at the women who bow their beautiful heads or lay their tempting bodies across oil paintings from the Renaissance on, Griffith was not the first to use his artistic powers to spread images of his beloved far and wide. He was only the first, in this as in many other ways, of Hollywood's major figures to realize the opportunities of his position.

This double use of actresses finally proved a disaster to him. In the 1920s, when Griffith was scrambling to stay out of bankruptcy, he persisted in starring Carol Dempster in his movies. She was not what they needed. Not only was her face too hard but her athletic style did not accord well with Griffith's unchanged notions of a dreamy feminine romanticism. Nonetheless, he stuck with her. It wasn't only that he loved her but also that he had never believed that actors and actresses mattered much to the public. His past successes had taught him that he was the one with the magic.

Some years later, when his career was over, Griffith came upon a matchbook with a photograph of Vera Ralston and a text proclaiming her the world's most beautiful woman. A producer who was her lover had distributed the matchbooks in the hope of making her a star. "My God," Griffith said, "I wasn't that silly about Miss Dempster." But he was silly enough. The eight films she made with him between 1921 and 1926 cost him his studio, destroyed his credit and nearly brought his career to an end.

Of course, there was much more to Griffith's undoing than his passion for Dempster. As Schickel shows in this thorough and intelligent biography, he suffered from bad business advice, much of it from his brother, and he never could break out of his intellectual limitations and moral rigidities. No

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doubt reinforced by the megalomania which Hollywood grants its successes, he refused to adapt to the new sexual and dramatic modes which other directors were quick to take up. Instead, Griffith kept repeating himself with movies about endangered innocence, and his audience vanished while he protested that he would not make movies that looked like filmed advertisements for underwear. Almost to the last, the man who showed the world that it was possible to make movies as rich as novels was struggling against the wolf-like anxiety that people wouldn't respect him. □

More Than Tea and Sympathy

RACHEL M. BROWNSTEIN

THE PROPER LADY AND THE WOMAN WRITER: Ideology as Style in the Works of Mary Wollstonecraft, Mary Shelley, and Jane Austen. *By Mary Poovey. The University of Chicago Press. 287 pp. $20.*

When misogynist diatribes against lust and women went genteelly underground in the late eighteenth century, Mary Poovey argues, ideology created the proper lady. A lady was both decorative and decorous, exquisitely responsive and inviolately chaste. Paradoxical by definition, she was both feminine and antisexual: "The middle-class code of propriety simultaneously defined women exclusively in terms of their sexuality and demanded that their every public action deny that sexuality." The proper lady was a handy concept for a developing bourgeois patriarchy, since it deprived women of worldly power, relegating them to a sanctified domestic sphere that, in complex ways, nourished and sustained the harsh "real" world of men.

With care and subtle intelligence, Poovey examines this "guardian and nemesis of the female self" through the ways it is implicated in the style and strategies of three very different writers of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries: Mary Wollstonecraft, her daughter Mary Shelley and Jane Austen. Locating the lady historically (in relation to economic and social change) and psychologically (in the struggles of desire versus disillusionment, egoism versus the limitations of human life), Poovey shows how the social and the psychological are interdependent.

Most people think of ladylike behavior as a matter of white gloves, teapots and sexual repression, but being a lady also gave a woman power to chastise and command. Ladies were admired for their emotional and moral superiority. Moreover, ideology is hard to escape, as Poovey observes, because it defines as natural what the powerful find useful: even women like Mary Wollstonecraft, who imagined themselves on nature's side, were unable to avoid the complicated lures of the proper lady. Enmeshed in an ideology that identified sensitivity and emotion with femininity, Wollstonecraft "could not renounce 'true sensibility' because it was the only form in which her society allowed her to express either her sexuality or her craving for transcendent meaning."

By analyzing the works of women who expressed their imagination and energy through writing, Poovey maps the various complex effects of the image of the proper lady—the antagonist of creative individuality and also the means by which a woman's will became acceptable and respectable. The model of the proper lady imposed on women a style of accommodation and indirection which, Poovey argues, marked the successes as well as the failures of women writers of the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Poovey differs from some feminist critics in seeing women writers as producers as well as consumers of ideology. In a rich introductory chapter that draws on conduct books, diaries and letters, tracts, magazine articles and novels, and then in acute examinations of works by three well-chosen writers, she shows how the idea of the lady, internalized, developed ambiguities that strengthened its grip on women's minds and lives. Radicals as well as conservatives were among the prolific women authors who collaborated in constructing the proper lady; and they were also her victims.

In *A Vindication of the Rights of Women*, Mary Wollstonecraft argued that women were "reasonable creatures" and attacked the cult of senti-

Rachel M. Brownstein is the author of Becoming a Heroine *(Viking/Penguin).*

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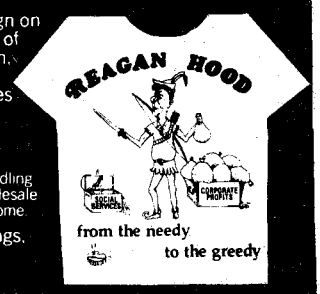

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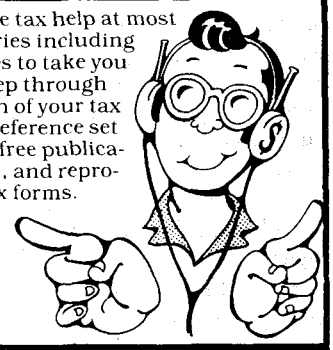

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mentalism for corrupting natural feeling; but her personal life suffered from the confusion of feeling with femininity, and so did her fiction. Poovey shows that in Wollstonecraft's unfinished novel, *Maria*, the narrator repeatedly "falls victim to the same sentimental idealism that cripples Maria." Mary Shelley, who boldly acknowledged the monster of desire in *Frankenstein* (first published when she was 21), later revised the book in accordance with her lady's view of energy as destructive. In the 1831 version of the novel, "Frankenstein's imaginative self-assertion becomes a more atrocious 'crime'. . . . Shelley's revisions . . . extend her criticism of imaginative indulgence, already present in the 1818 text, and direct it much more pointedly at the blasphemy she now associates with her own adolescent audacity." Poovey's discussion of *Frankenstein* is illuminating, and she writes movingly of the unique yet representative plight of Mary Shelley, the feminist's daughter, the radical poet's wife and widow, who grew ever more self-effacingly, self-servingly conservative. Jane Austen's style and strategies, Poovey maintains, "can be seen as 'solutions' to some of the problems that neither Wollstonecraft nor Shelley could solve." But those solutions too are problematic. Austen, Poovey argues, imagined a world in which the feeling individual and the social order strengthen each other, but her novels endorse the division between morality and society—the private and public spheres—that bourgeois society depends on for its survival.

Chronologically, Austen comes between the two Marys; in a bold methodological move, Poovey clinches her case by putting the best writer last. The ordering serves two purposes: first, it emphasizes the complexities of the proper lady as they are revealed in Austen's work, and second, it makes the point that even such art as Austen's is involved in ideology. Poovey claims that the more accomplished artist used the tactics of the proper lady—the style of indirection—in the exercise of her authorial power, and also that her novels, like her life, were blighted by the haunting image.

Poovey's chapters on Austen contain a fascinating analysis of the youthful *Lady Susan* and make numerous interesting points. For example, in *Pride and Prejudice* "Austen legitimizes romance by making it seem the corrective—not the origin or the product—of individualism," as Darcy and the independent Elizabeth Bennet, mutually chastened, marry most romantically at the end. That is finely observed and helpful, but it also oversimplifies. Poovey underestimates the multiple ironies of a love story in which one character roundly declares that "happiness in marriage is entirely a matter of chance," Elizabeth tells her sister she began to love Darcy "on first seeing his beautiful grounds at Pemberley," and the happy ending finds the lovers discussing, like literary critics, the "moral" of their story. If Austen's "narrative magic," as Poovey rather dismissively calls it, provides convincing happy endings, her wit undercuts them. Poovey's reading here is constrained, I think, by a reluctance to grant overriding wisdom to art.

The many different kinds of people who admire Jane Austen will find different things to quarrel with in this book, but all of them will value it for placing the novelist in a beautifully defined context of women's issues and of writing women, without insisting on either a feminism or an antifeminism that cannot rightly be read into the novels. Austen's novels, along with Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, remain alive, testifying not only to the lasting power of art but also to the fact that the ambiguities informing those works still bedevil us. Poovey's scrupulous study tells us a great deal about how and why they do. □

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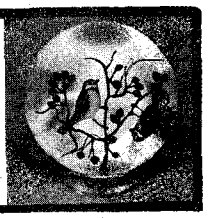

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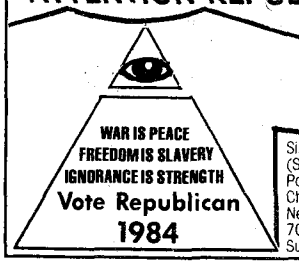

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T	■	L	■	E	■	A	■	■	■	B	■	I	■	A
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I	■	A	■	G	■	E	■	R	■	A	■	L	■	K
C	O	N	Q	U	E	R	■	I	N	D	R	A	W	N
T	■	A	■	E	■	P	■	D	■	E	■	G	■	E
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A	P	R	I	O	R	I	■	S	H	A	T	T	E	R
P	■	L	■	K	■	N	■	I	■	T	■	R	■	E
P	U	D	D	I	N	G	■	G	R	I	M	A	C	E
E	■	O	■	E	■	■	■	H	■	M	■	N	■	N
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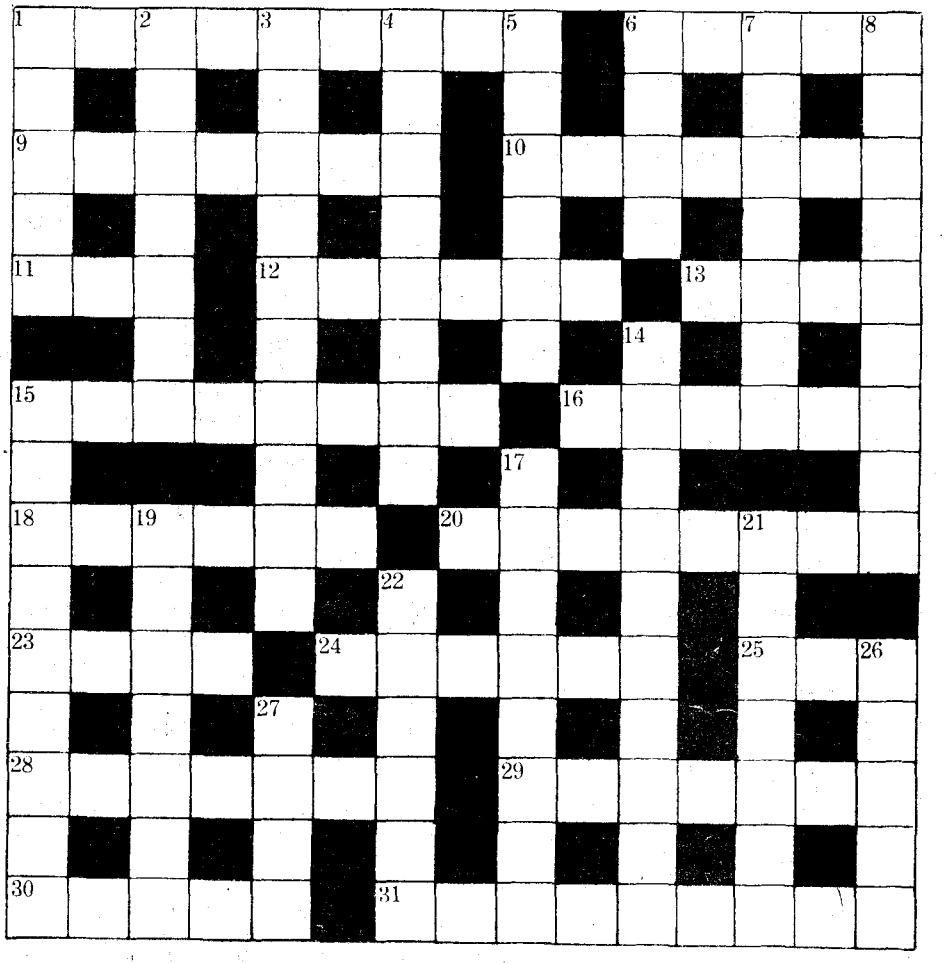

ACROSS

1, 6 and 12 Proving the difficulty of Latin construction? (One must be patient!) (4,5,5,2,1,3)
9 But it doesn't take an engineer to see through the so-called rapid type! (7)
10 One might sell you a lot—but not an artificial mound. (7)
11 One might agree with this answer. (3)
12 See 1 across
13 One might consider her a non-spaced-out different version! (Sounds as though she belongs in Alaska!) (4)
15 Fleers, possibly. (8)
16 Did Poe consider this glorious, and the head of 1 across grand? (6)
18 What show-offs might do, consumed with the spirit of the ball park? (3,3)
20 Part of this word is put especially in arguments. (8)
23 Might it be a barrier for the first man? (4)
24 Name associated with a lot of water to fetch around one point. (6)
25 and 31 Statement, in a sense? (A number of books connected with it.) (3,9)
28 See 2 down
29 Given no blessing, you'll see how to give a promotion in the ranks. (7)
30 Did one in a dreamlike state, if the halls were marble? (5)
31 See 25

DOWN

1 Not necessarily suggestive of the Muridae family—just very shabby. (5)
2 and 28 across It should be visible to keep you out of trouble with the law—but the footman's supper is hash! (5,2,7)
3 and 27 Not necessarily a government position—especially in March! (10,4)
4 Fed up, and want a change? It's a date! (8)
5 Does it take a couple of sailors to catch one reputedly troublesome? (6)
6 Pack animal? (4)
7 Tin mixture, not at all polished, but one isn't invited to do so. (7)
8 Better on the dessert tray, but the losers might have more in the game. (9)
14 Might start out 2-28, with silver and a not-necessarily-true statement to one's advantage. (10)
15 Listens to something in the grass, being practiced. (9)
17 Ruth is evidently absent when you are. (8)
19 He was supposed to do so with certain vintage grapes—it's enough to be a follower of Theodore Roosevelt. (7)
21 When the catcher comes up, can show such things may be held. (7)
22 What might he or she denote by going to an oriental festival? One needs several musicians! (6)
26 Occidental warmth responsible for a reputedly lively staff. (5)
27 See 3

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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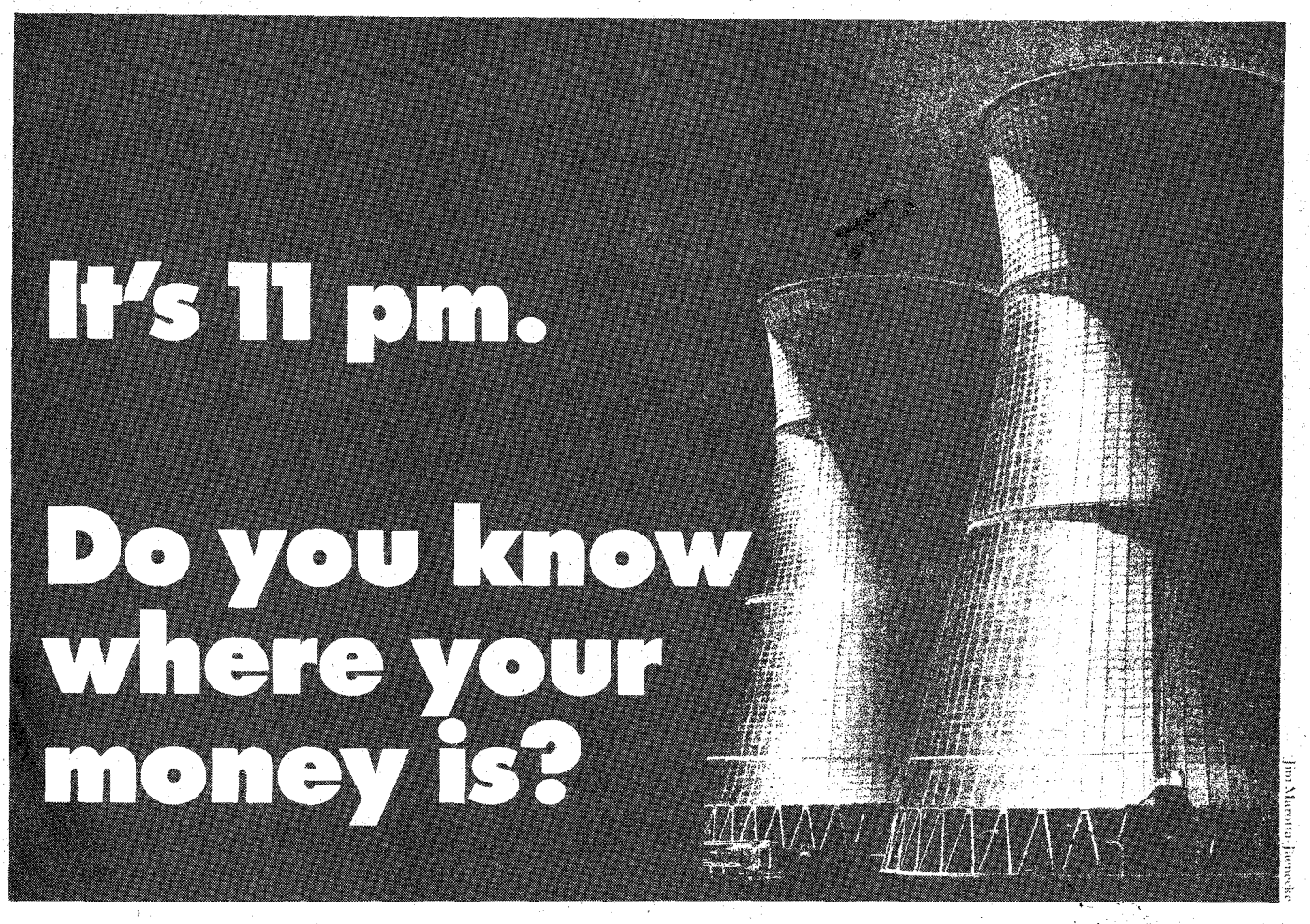

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